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### The Thorngraston Find.

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**S**EVENTEEN YEARS ago the Rev. Dr. Bruce, the historian of the Roman Wall, printed for private distribution an account of the remarkable discovery of coins in Northumberland known as the Thorngraston Find. The story, described by the learned doctor as "partly sad and partly gay," was thus dedicated:—"This little narrative, written at the behest of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, is, with the greatest respect, submitted to her Grace's approval by her obliged and obedient servant, J. COLLINGWOOD BRUCE." Few copies of the work were printed, so that it is now extremely scarce. The record is therefore reproduced in these pages at the author's instance and suggestion. It is, however, divided into two parts for our own convenience. We need not say that we are under great obligations to Dr. Bruce, not only for permission to reprint the narrative, but for the loan of the original cuts to illustrate it.

#### PART FIRST.

About midway between the eastern and western seas, on the northern rim of the basin of the South Tyne stands the hill of Barcombe. It is composed chiefly of sandstone, well fitted for building purposes. The surface of the hill is, for the most part, covered with heath, which, during a great part of the year, gives it a brown and forbidding aspect, but in the autumnal season clothes it with purple of a truly imperial character.

On the eastern shelf of this hill the early denizens of the land—the ancient Britons—have evidently had a settlement. The elevation of the platform renders it a strong position; but, in addition to this, one rampart of earth

within another, has given to the occupants of the camp additional security. Here is the stronghold of the chieftain; there are the pit-like dwellings of his followers; beyond, the enclosures for the cattle. We can readily conceive the consternation which the approach of the Romans would cause amongst the tenants of the heights of Barcombe. Fiercely would they frown upon the troops of Agricola, as they effected a lodgment upon the platform to the west of them—the station of Vindolana—and bravely, though, as the event proved, unsuccessfully, would they resist the aggressive claims of the strangers.

On the departure of Agricola the hardy natives may again have assumed a position of independence, only to have their hopes cruelly blighted not long afterwards by the legions of Hadrian. The wall of that emperor traverses the country in the immediate vicinity of Barcombe, and one of its principal fortresses, Borcovicus, which is hard by, manifestly takes its name from it.

The hill of Barcombe has evidently yielded some of the stone with which the Wall of Hadrian and its stations have been built. Here and there its surface exhibits cavities, half choked with rubbish and earth, over which the heath has spread a superficial covering. These are quarries which must have been abandoned ages ago. Besides all this, the tracks are visible by which the quarrymen, no doubt the oppressed natives, at the bidding of their conquerors, carried the stone from the quarries to the Wall.

From the time of the Romans until the dawn of the railway enterprise in England, the stores of freestone which the hill of Barcombe contains seem to have been little heeded. When the railway from Newcastle to

Carlisle was laid out, a demand arose for stone sleepers, on which to lay the rails. Once more the quarrymen visited Barcombe.

In the month of August, 1837, Thomas Pattison and some other labourers were engaged in "winning" stone from one of these old quarries. On removing a mass of stone chippings, they saw hid in a cleft of the rock a skiff-shaped bronze vessel, with a circular handle. It had not been accidentally dropped, but had evidently been placed with care in the position in which it was found. The lid of the vessel was made to fasten with a clasp, and its whole structure was such as to adapt it for being worn upon the arm. The accompanying woodcut represents it.

The quarrymen undid the fastening of this ancient purse, and found closely packed in its interior sixty-three Roman coins. Three of them were gold, the rest silver. Each of the gold coins was wrapped up in a piece of green-coloured leather, resembling that of which gloves are now made. On beholding the glittering treasure, the labourers congratulated themselves upon their good fortune, and proposed an immediate division of the spoil. It fortunately occurred to Thomas Pattison that the coins would bring a larger sum if kept together than if sold piecemeal, and he at once proposed that he should be entrusted with the entire find, promising that his companions should share with him in the proceeds of the sale. To this they agreed; and he brought away the [purse with its whole contents.

Pattison was now frequently to be found in the public-houses at Hexham, at night, exhibiting the bronze vessel and the coins. At first he seemed to make light of the value of the medals, whatever his real opinion of them might be. He spoke of them as being but "button-tops," the size and thickness of them suggesting the comparison. A circumstance, however, soon occurred which greatly enhanced his estimation of the treasure. Two gentlemen of Hexham, Mr. Kirsopp, solicitor, and Dr. Stokoe were permitted to examine the coins, and they were so much pleased with the sight that one of them presented Pattison with a sovereign and the other with five shillings. This greatly exalted the man's ideas regarding his acquisition. The coins were no longer "button tops" in his eyes. He argued thus: "If a sight of them be worth £1 5s., what must their actual value be?"

The news of the discovery soon spread over the district. My friend, Mr. Fairless, a man of gentlest manners, and a universal favourite in the neighbourhood—a

man whose heart beats in unison with all that is great and noble in our country's history—was at Allen's Green when the tidings of the find reached him. He at once borrowed a horse, and, taking a look at the quarry on his way, went to Hexham, where he sought an interview with Pattison. The quarryman by this time had become chary of his treasure, and was unwilling to exhibit it to anyone. It was not without some difficulty, and the use of an emollient, vulgarly called brandy and water, that Mr. Fairless induced Pattison to yield to his request. At length, taking him into a private room at the White Hart Inn, Hexham, and carefully locking the door behind him, he produced the purse. Mr. Fairless ex-



amined the coins leisurely, and with the appreciation of one well acquainted with the subject. He arranged them according to their reigns, and took the number belonging to each emperor. It was fortunate that he did so, for by this means he was able afterwards to bear testimony to the integrity and completeness of the collection. On more than one occasion afterwards Mr. Fairless had an opportunity of examining the find, and of conferring with Pattison respecting it.

The news that some gold and silver coins had been found in a quarry in the township of Thorngrafton, which forms part of the great barony of Wark, of which the Duke of Northumberland is lord, came to the ears of the agents of the duke as well as to those of other people.

By the law of treasure-trove these coins were the property of his grace, and of this the duke's agents took care to inform Pattison. He gave no heed to their demands, but grasped the treasure tightly. The quarryman was a man who possessed more firmness of disposition than wisdom; he was one on whom advice was lavished in vain. The more pressing the demands of the agents of the duke became, the more resolutely he resolved to hold the prize. On one occasion Mr. Fairless went to Thorne-grafton, where the quarryman lived, in order to confer with him upon the subject. Pattison was from home, but his sister, with whom he resided, told Mr. Fairless, under promise of secrecy, that the coins were hidden at the bottom of the draw-well of the village. The man speedily acquired restless, roving habits. He had for some time maintained himself upon the proceeds derived from exhibiting the coins as curiosities. And now that the legal claims of the agents of the duke became pressing, he found it convenient to absent himself from his usual haunts. He had been told that, if he would give up the coins to the duke, he would doubtless meet with generous treatment from his grace. The information produced a certain amount of impression upon his mind; but, instead of availing himself of the ordinary channels of approach, he resolved that, if the coins were to be given up to the duke at all, he would himself, personally, place them in his hands. He had a brother who kept a public-house at Morpeth; he went over to him, and the two set off together on their travels to Alnwick, for the purpose of having an interview with the duke. It may be mentioned that Hugh, the third Duke of Northumberland, was at this time the bearer of the title. No man had a more kindly disposition than he; but the state of his health was such as to render it desirable that he should be disturbed as little as possible by the details of business. When, therefore, the Thorne-grafton quarryman, supported by his brother, arrived at Alnwick Castle, and asked an interview with the duke, he was introduced to Mr. Blackburn, who was then the commissioner for the management of his grace's estates, and who expressed his readiness to enter upon any business which required the attention of the duke. Thomas Pattison, however, declined all discussion, except with the duke himself; and so trudged home again, chagrined and disappointed, more firmly determined than before never to give up the coins. On his way to Alnwick he called on the Rev. John Hodgson, the historian, and submitted the coins to his examination, which enabled Mr. Hodgson to supply a description of them to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of December, 1837. In passing through Newcastle on his return home, Pattison called upon Mr. Brockett, a collector of coins, and showed the find to him. Mr. Brockett endeavoured to convince him that the coins did not possess the extraordinary value which he seemed to attach to them, and assured him that he (Mr. Brockett) had duplicates of the whole of them in

his own possession; he even showed him some in finer condition than those which Pattison produced.

The law agents of the duke would now brook no delay. They were the more zealous in the matter, because at this time it was of importance to show the inhabitants of the district the legality of the claims of the lord of the barony to all treasure of unknown ownership found within it. The Carlisle railway runs through a district which for centuries had been occupied by the Romans, and it was thought that in the course of the excavations requisite for that important work many valuable discoveries would be made. If the duke's rights were to be given up on this occasion, they could not afterwards be pressed with success.

An action at the suit of the duke was brought against the quarryman in the Court of Queen's Bench, and the defendant having suffered judgment to pass against him by default, a writ of inquiry of damage in the case of "The Duke of Northumberland v. Thomas Pattison," was executed at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, before Mr. Gibson, under-sheriff of Northumberland, and a jury. Mr. John Fenwick, the steward of the barony of Wark, appeared for the duke; the quarryman was unrepresented. The law was learnedly expounded, the finding of the box of coins proved, and Mr. Fairless and Mr. Brockett were called to give their opinion as to the commercial value of the treasure. Mr. Fairless said—"The defendant showed me the coins. I made a model of the vessel in which they were found, and a catalogue of the coins. There were three gold coins; one of Nero, one of Claudius, and another of Vespasian. There were sixty silver coins; one of Nero, three of Galba, one of Otho, fifteen of Vespasian, seven of Domitian, four of Nerva, fifteen of Trajan, three of Hadrian, and eleven which I could not appropriate. They were in good condition. From the best information that I can collect I think that the gold Nero and the gold Vespasian were worth £2 a-piece; the gold Claudius £5; and the sixty silver, on an average, 3s. a-piece." Mr. Brockett concurred with Mr. Fairless in thinking that £18 was a fair price for the coins. The Under-Sheriff summed up the evidence, and the jury immediately returned a verdict of £18 damages.

Pattison resolved that, notwithstanding these legal proceedings, he would neither give up the coins nor pay the amount at which the jury had fixed their value. He disappeared from the country, and for some time was not heard of. It appears that a relation of his was a game-keeper in the service of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynnstay, in Denbighshire. He took refuge with him for a time, and eventually obtained employment in the slate quarries of that neighbourhood. His retreat was, however, discovered, and he was soon lodged in Denbigh gaol, as a debtor to the extent of £18 and costs. Before he left Northumberland he had entrusted the keeping of the coins to his brother, William Pattison.

When Pattison had lain for some time in Denbigh gaol, his relation, Sir Watkin's gamekeeper, ventured to speak to his master upon the subject, and request his interference with the Duke of Northumberland, in order to procure the release of the prisoner. The result of this recourse to Sir Watkin was stated by William Pattison in the following words—"Lord Wynn saw the Duke of Northumberland in London, and asked him why he kept my brother in Denbigh gaol, and the duke knew nothing at all about it!"

The third Duke of Northumberland and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn were brothers-in-law. The immediate consequence of the matter being brought before his grace, personally, was an offer to Pattison of a release from imprisonment.

It might have been supposed that this offer would have been thankfully accepted: the prisoner, however, declined to be released, being aware of a statute then in force, by which it was provided that no debtor, imprisoned for a sum not exceeding £20, should be held in custody for a longer period than twelve calendar months. He evidently considered that, if he bore the full penalty of twelve months' imprisonment, the duke would lose all claims upon him, either for the coins or the sum at which they had been valued. He, therefore, resolved to remain in prison for the full time indicated by law.

Shortly before the arrival of that period Pattison caused the following notice to be sent to the duke:—

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH,  
*Between the Most Noble HUGH, Duke and Earl of North-  
umberland, Plt., and THOMAS PATTISON, Deft.*

Take notice, that I shall on the 30th day of April instant, or as soon after as counsel can be heard in this behalf, make application to Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster, to be discharged out of the custody of the Sheriff of Denbighshire, as to this action at the suit of you the above-named plaintiff, according to the statute in such case made and provided. I have lain in prison for twelve successive calendar months in execution upon the judgment herein obtained by you the said plaintiff, for damages not exceeding the sum of £20, exclusive of costs, and herewith is delivered to you a copy of the affidavit upon which I shall ground the said application.

Dated this 20th day of April, 1839.

Yours, &c.,

THOMAS PATTISON.

To the Most Noble Hugh, Duke  
and Earl of Northumberland,  
the above-named plaintiff.

The affidavit simply detailed the facts of the case. The application was made under the Stat. 48, Geo. III., c. 123, s. 1. The duke's law officers felt that they were completely baffled. "We could make nothing of any opposition to his discharge," writes the steward of the barony, and, as a necessary consequence, Thomas Pattison, the defendant in this famous case of treasure-trove, was discharged.

He returned to the North, residing chiefly with his brother, William, who held a small farm in the neighbourhood of Blenkinsopp. But he was a lost man. His mind was soured—his habits of industry were broken.

He never afterwards did a day's work, but wandered restlessly over the country, and soon sank into the grave. If he could have read the history of "The Thorngrafton Find" from the beginning to the end, on the day when he and his companions first beheld it, he would as soon have taken a venomous reptile to his bosom as have removed the fatal treasure from its hiding place. Apart from the action of treasure-trove the fate of Pattison was peculiarly unhappy. He had in the Duke of Northumberland a man of princely liberality to deal with—one who would be the last person in the world to inflict one moment's misery upon any of his fellow-creatures. Had Pattison, in obedience to the law—hard as it is—given up the coins to his grace, he would have received in return much more than their commercial value. Even if the agents of the duke had neglected to represent the case to him, there were many persons having access to his grace who would gladly have done so. Pattison doubtless entertained an enormously exaggerated notion of the value of the find; but a determination to resist the advice of his best friends seems to have been at the bottom of all his misfortunes. He appears to have forgotten, too, that he was entitled only to a share of the coins; had he consulted his fellow-labourers, to whom, equally with himself, they belonged, as to the disposal of them, he would doubtless have been saved from most of the evils under which he suffered.

Pattison never removed the coins from the custody of his brother William, who had befriended him in his misfortunes, and with whom he had left them when he fled to Wales. William Pattison, like his brother, was an impracticable man. He held the treasure with peculiar tenacity. Many persons who came to see the coins were refused permission to do so. When the pilgrim band, of which I was the leader, traversed, in 1849, the Roman Wall, William Pattison lay upon a bank, near his dwelling, as we passed that way, with the coins upon his person. It is said that, had he been asked, he would then have shown them. None of us, however, knew of his intention, or knew of his being in our neighbourhood. He was disgusted at the slight we had unintentionally put upon him, and went home determined that none of "those pilgrims" should have another chance. When I was preparing the first edition of my work upon the Roman Wall, I was anxious to give in it an account of the Thorngrafton Find, accompanied by engravings of the series of coins. With this object in view I requested Mr. John Storey, the artist, to call upon William Pattison, and ask him to allow him to draw the vessel and its contents. I did not, for an instant, anticipate a refusal. I knew he held the coins with great tenacity, but I also knew that an accurate description of them would increase rather than diminish their value. It was for his interest as well as mine that the artist should have the opportunity desired. The request was, however, firmly and perseveringly refused. Though Mr. Storey had taken the journey from Newcastle to Blenkinsopp on purpose to

draw the coins, he would not even let him look at the case in which the treasure was contained. In this extremity I applied to Mr. Fairless. I knew the power of his mild, persuasive eloquence, and of his gentle, winning manners. He went to the man, and succeeded in getting permission to take sealing-wax impressions of all the coins; and this he did. From these impressions the engravings of the pieces given in the first and second editions of my work upon the Wall were prepared.

destined him for a position therein. The lad's tastes, however, were of a literary rather than of a commercial character, and at a period of life when he ought to have been one of the most active and indispensable men in the counting-house he astonished his friends by the production of a graceful little volume of poems, intituled "Sixty-Five Sonnets, with other Poems," which was published in 1818. The preface to this volume, which may be styled an essay on sonnet writing, showed that the young author had no mean critical power. His next effort, which appeared in 1823, was "The Italian Wife," a tragedy in five acts. An accomplished critic says of it:—"The plot is full of interest, and constructed with considerable skill, although the 'prentice hand, as a matter of course, is visible here and there. The dialogue is more dramatic than the dialogue of young dramatists generally is, more especially in the case of those who, like Doubleday, have a large proportion of the dramatic element in their mental composition. The tragedy abounds with passages of great poetic beauty and dramatic force, and gives the author a respectable rank among the dramatic poets of the time." A few years subsequently, the late Rev. George Gilfillan stated, in an article in one of the magazines, that in the London literary circles "young Doubleday was considered one of the most promising *litterateurs* of the day." "The Italian Wife" was followed by "Babington: a Tragedy" (London and Edinburgh, 1825). Then came "Diocletian: a Dramatic Poem" (1829), and "Caius Marius: an Historical Drama" (1836). Of these plays it is enough to say that they all contain passages of great power, as well as beauty, and that many of the characters are coloured and delineated with consummate skill, but that, on the whole, they are better adapted to the study than the stage.

At the death of his father, Mr. Doubleday became junior partner in the manufacturing firm; but so far as active interest in its management was concerned, he was, on the whole, merely "a sleeping partner." Literature was his main business, not soap-boiling. In 1822, along with his friend Mr. Robert Roxby, he published what proved to be the commencement of a series of lyrical poems, which obtained a large circulation in their original fugitive form, and which have since been collected, under the title of "The Coquetdale Fishing Songs," in a handsome volume, with pictorial illustrations, that now brings a high price. Several of the songs from Doubleday's pen have the true poetic ring in them, though the majority cannot be said to have very much literary merit. The motto affixed to the title-page of the book is: *Nos haec novimus esse nihil*; and this seems to imply that the jovial Coquetdale rhymesters themselves, or at least Mr. Joseph Crawhall, who undertook the task of editing their productions, were quite conscious that they were, at best, only pleasing trifles, valuable to the Izaak Waltons.



sustainer of every local movement for the benefit of his kind. Thomas was a keenly observant, lively boy, but exhibited no unhealthy intellectual precocity. He applied himself to his tasks at school with a fair share of industry, and reaped a more than average harvest of scholastic honours.

Head of a prosperous firm—that of Doubleday and Easterby, soapmakers in the Close, and oil of vitriol manufacturers at Bill Quay—his father naturally

of Northumbria for the associations they called up, but not adapted to the taste of the general public.

In a note prefixed to one of the songs—"The Fisher's Invitation to his Friend in Newcastle"—Mr. Doubleday makes a few remarks which throw an interesting light upon the part of his career that we have now to sketch. "This song," says he, "was, I believe, commenced and written in 1831, after the contested election for Northumberland, in which I threw away both money and time that I could ill spare. It was a sort of commemoration of one of the last very pleasant and successful visits which we paid to our 'Old Home of Weldon.' We went over (or at least I did) to get rid of the harass, worry, and empty shoutings, which were foreign to the disposition of both" (himself and Mr. Roxby). The fact is, the general call for Parliamentary Reform compelled every man with a soul in his body to take a more or less active part in the struggle which ended in the Reform Act. A writer in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, for December 19th, 1870, summarised as follows the events of this stormy period of his life:—

A man of such intellectual activity as Mr. Doubleday could not fail to take a deep interest in the political measures of his time. The struggles of the people for political power, which, so soon as Europe was free from the great disturber of her peace, the First Napoleon, were renewed with such vigour, could not be viewed with indifference by a nature so sympathetic with the weak and the oppressed as was that of Mr. Doubleday. The political doctrines of William Cobbett recommended themselves to the understanding and the sympathies of one whose liberal instincts had been sharpened by his intercourse with his uncle, by his historical and classical studies, and by his observation of the social and political phenomena in the midst of which his youth had been spent. His partner in business, Mr. Easterby, was a Whig; Mr. Doubleday was that and something more. He aided the Whig party by voice and pen in carrying forward the Reform agitation, which culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832; but he never trusted them thoroughly. He acquiesced in the propriety of forming an alliance between them and the Radical party. He became secretary to the Northern Political Union, composed of Whigs and Radicals, and played an important part in the agitation which the union, subsequent to its formation, prosecuted in aid of Earl Grey and the Reform party in Parliament. A great public meeting was held in the Forth, Newcastle, in 1832, at which Mr. Charles Attwood, the chairman of the union, presided, and at which a speech was delivered by Mr. Charles Larkin that created great excitement throughout the country, and was referred to by several members of both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Doubleday also took part in the proceedings, and moved one of the resolutions passed on the occasion. Such was the excitement produced by this demonstration, that warrants for the arrest of Mr. Doubleday, Mr. Larkin, and other prominent members of the Northern Political Union, on the charge of sedition, were drawn out by the Tories then in power, and would have been served but for the fact that the Conservative Government remained in office only a few days, the unissued documents being found in the archives of the Home Office when the Whigs assumed the administration of affairs. When the Reform Bill was passed and the Whigs deserted the people, Mr. Doubleday seized every opportunity of denouncing them. The cause of democracy was deserted by many who had been more loud in their professions of zeal in its favour than Mr. Doubleday had been, but he scorned to renounce convictions simply because there was no immediate prospect of their being carried into fact. Faithful among the faithless, he clung

to the political principles which he had deliberately adopted, and his unbending integrity and unvarying consistency gained for him the respect of even his political foes.

The union between the Whigs and the Radicals for the purpose of carrying the Reform Bill had never been very cordial, and many months did not elapse, after that measure became law, until it was brought to an abrupt conclusion. The Whigs looked upon the Reform Act as a final measure; the Radicals only regarded and valued it as promising the means of redressing those wrongs, and putting an end to those disabilities, of which the masses justly complained. In an Address to Earl Grey, published by the Northern Political Union, and understood to be the joint production of Mr. Attwood and Mr. Doubleday, the Reform Bill was declared to be by no means satisfactory to the people. This address advocated several of the objects which, six years afterwards, the Chartists attempted to attain. One of the Whig measures which the whole resources of the union were applied to oppose, in spite of the opposition of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Fife and a few others, was the Poor Law Amendment Act, which Mr. Doubleday and his friends, following in this William Cobbett, denounced as un-English, and only meant to grind the faces of the poor.

Mr. Doubleday published in 1832 "An Essay on Muncane Moral Government," which attracted considerable notice. The object of the work, which was distinguished by a fine philosophical tone and a Saxon vigour of style, was to show that the Creator, who has subjected the material world to laws invariable in their action, has not left the moral world to the caprice of speculatists or the fantasies of philosophers; that there exists an analogy between the moral and material government of the world; and that some great principle, like that of gravitation, may be its foundation. Mr. Doubleday finds the answer to the question "What is this principle?" in the word "Excitement," including under it all the various impulses, preferences, and motives by which the mind is moved. He takes a rapid, but masterly and comprehensive view, of the facts of the world's history, with the working and tendencies of all institutions, social, political, and domestic, which mark the progress or decline of the human race, and comes at length to the clear and consistent conclusion which he sought to establish. He shows that, while in the material world the law of perpetual change—of decomposition and recombination—under the influence of man's controlling agency, transforms the universal wilderness into the universal garden, in the moral world it is the same; that—

Civilization and science, morality and religion, act within the limits of a few great laws, the excesses of which they gradually mitigate and extinguish. Power becomes subdued, wrong becomes modified by the influences of right and duty; and law and order, and private and public morality, at last extinguish the fires of passion, the lusts of power, and the fears of possession; and man becomes, at one and the same time, a free agent,

moral, religious, and self-reliant, looking alone to those laws which he has helped to frame, and to that moral code which he has helped to establish. In both we equally behold the handiwork of an all-powerful and all-benevolent Creator, whose might we can only conceive to be subjected to one sole limitation, self-impressed—that of making less perfect than himself the varied beings to whom it is His will to give existence, and the power and sense to appreciate and enjoy it.

In 1842, a flood of light was poured by Mr. Doubleday upon a subject which Malthus was thought, by the great majority of political economists, to have definitely settled. This was done in a work of rare and sterling merit, intituled "The True Law of Population, shown to be connected with the Food of the People." An outline of the author's theory had been given in a letter to Lord Brougham, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, 1837. Briefly stated, it is this:—The general law which regulates the increase or decrease both of vegetable and animal life, is, that wherever a species or genus is endangered, a corresponding effort is invariably made by nature for its preservation and continuance by an increase of fecundity; that this specially takes place whenever such danger arises from a diminution of proper nourishment or food, so that, consequently, the state of depletion, or the deplethoric state, is favourable to fertility; and that, on the other hand, the plethoric state, or state of repletion, is unfavourable to fertility, in the ratio of the intensity of such rate, and this probably throughout nature universally, in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. In other words, in the vegetable world fruitfulness is increased when danger arises from insufficient nourishment for the plant, and, on the other hand, is decreased when the peril springs from a surplusage of what is needful. Among animals, likewise, fecundity is totally checked by the plethoric state, and is increased and rendered doubly certain by the existence of the deplethoric or lean state. Expressed broadly, the rule is palpable and invariable that over-feeding checks increase, while, on the other hand, a limited or deficient nutriment stimulates and adds to it. A strictly analogous law is in operation with respect to the human species. Plainness, if not stringency of diet, is favourable to fecundity, while luxury invariably leads to enervation and sterility. In Ireland, as in China and India, where animal food is almost unknown, the population increases rapidly. In Russia, where butchers' meat is a drug and vegetable food a luxury, the number of inhabitants to the square league is trifling; while in Poland, France, Italy, and the Low Countries, where the diet is mixed, but plentiful, population is moderately dense. Quoting Sir Thomas Browne, Mr. Doubleday remarks that "old families last not three oaks," and in proof of the statement shows that of the 394 English, Scotch, and Irish peers who existed in 1837, no fewer than 272 had been created after 1760. Mr. Doubleday supports his main argument by many ingenious considerations and facts

drawn from ancient and contemporary history, and shows the danger which lurks beneath the very prosperity of a nation. Evil may here arise from a superfluity of good; for if the bulk of people indulge in luxury to excess, the consequence must be not only an effeminacy of mind and morals, and a decay of the public virtues which are necessary to the existence of States, but, in addition to this, an actual physical decay and diminution of numerical strength, probably most rapid at the top of society, and extending downward as far as the luxury reaches in the ratio of its extent. Such States soon become the prey of other States, whose situation has not included the same tendencies towards national debility, or become the victims of some tyranny within themselves, which in either case works a sharp and bitter cure to an insidious disease. Mr. Doubleday's work excited a great deal of attention both at home and abroad, and provoked, as a matter of course, bitter opposition. A second and considerably enlarged edition appeared in 1853.

It is not our intention to enumerate Mr. Doubleday's numerous separate publications chronologically. All we can pretend to do is to notice some of the most important of them. In 1826, he published "Remarks on the Currency Question," in reply to Tooke's "Considerations." Believing firmly in Cobbett, who, in his *Register*, did all he could to make Tooke seem ridiculous, he combated the peculiar views of that painstaking statist with some very specious, if not solid, arguments; but while Tooke is still an authority, this brochure is well nigh forgotten. "The Political Life of Sir Robert Peel," "A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England," "The Crimes of the Whigs," a clever political diatribe, and a great number of social, political, and literary articles, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Eclectic Review*, and other leading periodicals, as well as to the local weeklies and daily papers, attest the versatility as well as the vigour of his pen.

In the science of metaphysics, Mr. Doubleday took a warm interest; and a short time before his death he published, through Longman and Co., a volume entitled, "Matter for Materialists: a Series of Letters in Vindication and Extension of the Principles regarding the Nature of Existence of the Right Rev. Dr. Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne." An accomplished critic has characterised this work as "a model of clearness, verbal economy, and practical directness." It would be too much to say that its author has bottomed the subject, for that is what mortal man can never do; but he has probably let as long a plummet line down into its dark abyss as any other writer has done.

Writing seems to have been to Mr. Doubleday a source of perpetual enjoyment, and he tried his hand, with some creditable measure of success, in almost every department of literature. Thus he wrote a romance of Venice, in two volumes, called "The Eve of St. Mark." A series of letters over the signature of "Britannicus," contributed

to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, were afterwards published in a large-sized brochure, under the title of "The Touchstone," with a prefatory note addressed by the author to James Paul Cobbett, barrister-at-law. Another work of Mr. Doubleday's—"The Countess: a Romance of Genoa"—appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1871, the year after his death. This story, the last production of his prolific intellect, has never been republished. Though gifted with the pen of a ready writer, Mr. Doubleday was far from being a fluent speaker; and his diffidence, which never left him to the last, prevented him from speaking much at public meetings. But he was always listened to with attention when he did speak, because his opinion was known to be valuable.

From a commercial point of view his life was a failure, partly owing to his own mental temperament, and partly through circumstances beyond his own control. Subsequently to his becoming insolvent, and giving up all he had to his creditors, he was offered and accepted the office of Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in St. Andrew's parish, a post which he surrendered when he was appointed to the secretaryship of the Coal Trade. Neither of these offices was lucrative, but Thomas Doubleday was philosopher enough to be content with small things.

Mr. Doubleday expired at Bulman Village (now Gosforth) on the 18th of December, 1870, in his 81st year. He had been seized with paralysis about a month before, having up to that time, notwithstanding his advanced age, continued in the enjoyment of great physical and mental vigour. Throughout his long and active life he had preserved a most upright and consistent character, and the regret of his family at his death was shared by a large circle of literary and political friends.

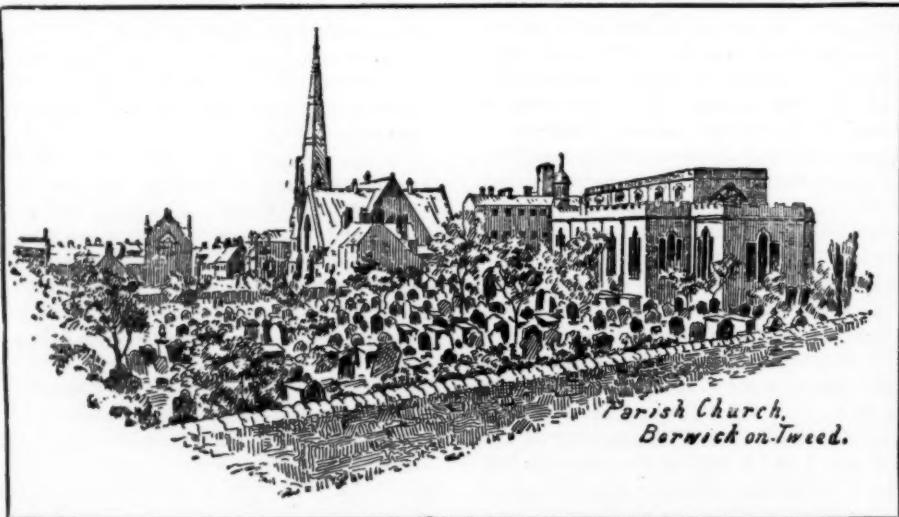
Our portrait of Mr. Doubleday is taken from a photograph which has been kindly lent us by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Kerr, of Dundee.

## Oliver Cromwell in the North.



THE Moderate Presbyterians in Scotland having determined, in the year 1648, to reinstate the unfortunate Charles I. on the throne of North Britain at least, if not also of England, Lieutenant-Colonel Cromwell, who had a short time before totally routed the combined Royalist forces under Sir Marmaduke Langdale and the Duke of Hamilton at Preston in Lancashire, received orders from the Parliament to enter Scotland in pursuit of the fugitives, and to join the Earl of Argyll, the chief of the rigid Presbyterians, who, in their hatred of the more moderately inclined party in the Scottish Kirk, were willing to act even with the Independents they detested, for the purpose of destroying all chance of the reinstatement of a king who would not subscribe the Solemn League and Covenant.

The victory at Preston had meanwhile completely disheartened the Moderates, and Argyll and his party had risen into the ascendant. Clarendon, the Royalist historian, says Cromwell had long plainly foreseen that he would have a war with the Scots, but he had "so perfect a contempt of the whole strength of that nation, that he never cared what advantage-ground they had upon the field, or what place they ever possessed," and so he did not care to put a garrison into Berwick, which had been accordingly left undefended, so that it fell for a while



into the hands of the Royalists, who only evacuated it after Langdale and Hamilton's total defeat.

On the news of Cromwell's approach coming to Newcastle, all the town was agog with expectation ; and numbers of the inhabitants rushed over Tyne Bridge, up what was then rudely styled "the clarty lang lane" of Gateshead, and out as far as Sheriff Hill, "the sooner to see him who was the hope and expectation of the age, and that famed host he led, whose doings were the theme of every tongue." So writes Mr. Charleton in his interesting account of "Newcastle Town." Mr. Charleton quotes the following words of one who may have stood by the wayside on this very occasion—a Newcastle apprentice—the same youth, Ambrose Barnes, who told the money for which the Scots had so lately delivered up King Charles :—

Not like other armies, composed of mercenaries, of rude, profligate manners, but of sober, judicious, serious volunteers, it being Cromwell's maxim to enlist none but such ; many of them being gentlemen of good families and fortune, all of them of honest callings and trades, who, knowing the cause they had espoused, ventured their all for it, and were trained to the discipline of religion as well as of arms, both officers and soldiers making up so many pious Christians to be found thin side heaven.

After resting awhile at Newcastle, where he is said to have been the guest of the Mayor, Thomas Ledger, Cromwell proceeded northwards to Edinburgh, which he reached without the least opposition. Here he was received by the Earl of Argyll and other prominent Covenanters with great distinction, and honoured with the thanks of the Presbyterian ministers as the preserver of Scotland "under God."

On the 16th of August, 1648, Cromwell left Edinburgh for Berwick by way of Dunbar, Argyll and the nobles of his party accompanying him some miles on his way, and taking leave of him with many demonstrations of respect. At Berwick he took the opportunity of visiting the parish church, which was then being rebuilt, conformably to letters patent granted by Charles I. ; and tradition has it that, finding the castle ruinous, and not caring to have

it repaired, he ordered its stones to be appropriated to the building of the sacred edifice. Moreover, with his aversion to any ornament, or, as he termed it, "vanities," he directed that the church should be of the plainest possible description, and that it should on no account be furnished with a spire, holding, as he did, that a peal of bells were nothing but "a useless tinkling of brass and iron." The church, to this day, is without tower or steeple.

About the middle of October, Cromwell got back to Newcastle, where he stayed three days, partly to give his troops a little rest, and also to give time for the artillery train to get up to them. The Parliamentarian officers are said to have been received "with very great acknowledgments of love." On the 19th of the month they were sumptuously feasted by the new Mayor, Thomas Bonner, at his house on the Sandhill, which was nearly opposite to the Water Gate, on that part anciently called the "Windowes." It was afterwards converted into a coffee house, known as Katy's Coffee-house and Bella's Coffee-house, and in more modern times contained the offices of Mr. Nathaniel Clayton, father of the late Town Clerk of Newcastle, Mr. John Clayton. There is a tradition that the town's waits or musicians stood and played on a small bridge thrown across the Lork Burn (now arched over), opposite to the Mayor's house, while Cromwell was being entertained at dinner, with some of his officers and members of the Corporation. The company were, of course, all "well-affected" men, and most likely all Nonconformists of the Presbyterian type, though Cromwell and his Ironsides were Independents. Mr. Bonner, we may remark, filled the office of Mayor three several years, viz., in 1648, 1651, and 1659. He was naturally no ways popular with the "Malignant" or Royalist portion of the burgesses ; and on the night of his first election a violent affray happened as he and his friends were on their way from the Spital to his dwelling-house. The sergeants accompanying the procession



carried in their hands lighted torches, and one Edmund Marshall, who seems to have had no good-will either to his worship or to his Koundhead friends, threw a long stick at them, and struck divers of them out; whereupon the mob commenced throwing stones, mud, and other missiles, so that it was with difficulty that the party got through.

The next day, after leaving Newcastle, Cromwell proceeded to Durham, where he passed the night in the palace from which Bishop Morton had been driven, and which was then occupied by his friend, Sir Arthur Haselrigg, the younger. On the 24th he rode into Barnard Castle, from which several of the leading gentlemen went out to meet him, and conducted him to the lodgings they had taken for him, where he was presented, we are told, with burnt wine and short cakes. Next morning he proceeded southwards, and he did not again return to the North till after King Charles's head had fallen on the scaffold, the Commonwealth had been proclaimed, the hopes of the Royalists in England had been completely crushed for the time, and the rising in Ireland had been sternly suppressed.

But Charles II., having, after his father's death, been acknowledged as King of Scots by the Moderate party, as it was called, which had once again got the upper hand for a time, Cromwell, who had meanwhile been appointed Captain-General of all the Forces in England, had the duty imposed upon him of coercing the Scots, even as he had done the Irish. So, on the 14th July, 1650, he arrived once more at Durham, where he was met by Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Colonel Pride (he of "the Purge"), and other officers, who attended him to Newcastle on the day following. A sumptuous banquet was, of course, prepared for him by Sir Arthur, after which a fast was kept, to implore God's blessing on the army's undertaking. Five companies were drawn out of the garrison to serve as reinforcements; and the militia of Northumberland and Durham were called into requisition to take the place they had vacated. Great quantities of bread and other stores were at the same time sent forward from Newcastle to Berwick for the victualling of the troops.

With the eventful campaign in Scotland, finished by the battle of Dunbar, we have here nothing to do; but the day after that fight Cromwell sent a great number of the prisoners he had taken to Newcastle, expressly enjoining them to be treated with humanity. It was more easy to recommend this, however, than to do it, provisions being uncommonly scarce; and how badly the poor creatures fared appears from a letter from Sir Arthur Haselrigg to the Council of State, dated Newcastle, October 31st, 1650:—

When they came to Morpeth, the prisoners being put into a large walled garden, they ate up raw cabbages, leaves, and roots, so many, as the very seed and labour at 4d. a day was valued at £9, which cabbage (they having fasted, as they themselves said, near eight days) poisoned their bodies; for, as they were coming from thence to Newcastle, some died by the wayside.

When they came to Newcastle, I put them into the greatest church in the town; and the next morning, when I sent them to Durham, about 140 were sick, and not able to march. Three died that night, and some fell down on their march from Newcastle to Durham and died. On being told into the great cathedral church, there were counted to be no more than 3,000, although Colonel Fenwick wrote me that there were 3,500.

Those prisoners who were strong and hardy enough to survive the ordeal they had gone through were condemned to the sugar mills in the American colonies, and the English planters carried them all off to the West Indies, where most of them died from yellow fever.

On his return from Scotland in the summer of 1651, Cromwell seems to have followed the line of the old Roman Road, or Devil's Causeway, through the heart of Northumberland. He put up at the manor house of Netherwitton on the 10th of August. The estate had been shortly before sequestered by the Parliament, its owner, Sir Nicholas Thornton, the descendant of Roger Thornton, so justly celebrated for his numerous and liberal benefactions to the town of Newcastle, being a devoted Royalist. On the 11th, the Lord-General tarried and fed his troops of horse at Meldon Old Water Corn Mill, on the Wansbeck, above Mitford; and next day (Old Lammas Day) he crossed the Tyne at Newburn, and proceeded forthwith to encamp his forces, which consisted of nine regiments of foot, his horse guard, and two regiments of dragoons, with their baggage and train, on the haugh below Ryton, himself withdrawing to Stella Hall. (See page 469.) Here he took up his quarters previous to his departure southward for Worcester. Some of his officers slept in a small thatched cottage still to be seen in the hamlet, opposite the Catholic Chapel. It was then a public-house, and is still occupied as a private dwelling-house. Thirty or forty years ago, Mr. John Emmerson, a prominent Tyneside Radical, was its owner and occupier.

One of the fisheries in the river Tyne adjacent to Ryton and Stella is still called the Cromwell; but whether it received its name from the period of the Protector's visit, or got it from some other circumstance unconnected with that event, we cannot tell.

## Recollections of Lion Tamers.



PWARDS of forty years ago, Hilton and Wright's wild beast shows periodically visited South Shields when travelling in the North. Although these shows did not go in for the leading animals, such as lions and tigers, they always had a good selection of the lesser carnivorous and herbivorous beasts. Hilton's uncle resided in South Shields, where he was popularly known as Baron Hilton. This gentleman considered he was the rightful heir to the Hylton Castle estates, for the recovery of which I believe

he entered an action at law. One of the principal animals in Hilton's collection was a magnificent jaguar from South America—a richly marked beast as large as a lioness. In Wright's menagerie a large Siberian wolf was confined in the same den with a sheep, and above this den was painted in large letters the inscription, "The Scriptures fulfilled : the wolf shall lie down with the lamb." In 1852, Hilton's collection passed into the hands of William Manders, under whose management it rapidly improved.

About this time, and for years previously, one or other of Mr. George Wombwell's monster menageries wintered in Newcastle and the neighbouring towns almost every year, and it was a rare treat to see fifteen or sixteen large yellow caravans drawn into Shields market place by fifty or sixty powerful horses, the rhinoceros waggon alone being drawn by six splendid greys. Mrs. Wombwell, who travelled with the No. 1 Collection for several years after her husband's death, visited South Shields in 1860, when she remained a fortnight, and during this visit I first made the acquaintance of the family. George Wombwell made it a standing rule always to have two keepers, who looked after the beasts generally, and performed with the lions. During this visit Mrs. Wombwell's keepers were Ben McBain and John Drake, who took their turn on alternate days to describe the animals and perform with the lions, tigers, &c., while Thos. Davy, who had charge of two elephants, Tom and Chuby, used to put these huge beasts through a number of amusing tricks. It was in this collection that William Wombwell, a nephew of the late George Wombwell, was killed by the elephant Chuby, at Coventry, in 1842. A few years later, while the menagerie was at Lancaster, the same beast attacked the keeper, McBain, and would have killed him had it not been for the presence of mind of Thomas Davy, who, on hearing his cries for help, rushed into the den just in time to save him, and beat off the infuriated beast, who had the poor fellow pinned up in a corner between his tusks. This same elephant made a second determined attack on McBain at Glasgow, and was again beaten off by Davy, who had charge of the savage brute till its death, which took place at Hartlepool. When this menagerie was on exhibition at Chatham, in January, 1850, Miss Helen Blight, a niece of Mrs. Wombwell, was killed by a tiger whilst putting it through its performances.

About two years after Mrs. Wombwell's visit to South Shields and neighbourhood, while the menagerie was on a tour in Wales, a sad accident happened through two of the caravans being blown over during a terrific gale of wind. It seems that McBain, the keeper, had just come out of the lion's den, where he had been performing with his beasts, when, by a sudden gust of wind, two of the caravans fell with a crash on the keeper and two young men standing near, killing them on the spot.

Previous to Mrs. Wombwell turning her menagerie over to the Fairgrieves, she paid another visit to this district. Michael Hines had taken the place of John Drake, who

had gone to the Continent with a group of performing lions; and Tim Newsome, a brother of Mr. Newsome, circus proprietor, took the place of the ill-fated McBain. Both of these men were well up in their business, and excellent trainers of animals. On the 1st of January, 1866, Mrs. Wombwell transferred this collection to Mr. Alexander Fairgrieve, who had married Miss Blight, a niece of Mrs. Wombwell's. Mr. and Mrs. Fairgrieve, with Thomas Davy and Henry Topham as keepers, travelled with the show for a few years, visiting all the principal towns in the kingdom, and eventually selling off the menagerie by public auction in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, in April, 1872. Mr. Fairgrieve informed me that most of the animals brought fair prices. The fine black-maned lion Hannibal was knocked down for £270 to the Bristol Zoological Gardens at Clifton, and other beasts sold in proportion.

During Mrs. Wombwell's farewell visit to the North, Manders, who was running in opposition, followed her to Shields and Newcastle, having previously placarded these towns with huge posters setting forth the exploits of the greatest of lion hunters, Macomo, with his beasts, to be seen in his show. Now Macomo was only an African sailor, picked up in Liverpool, who knew nothing of wild beasts or their habits till taken in hand by Tim Newsome. Nevertheless, Macomo was a dashing, athletic young fellow, with a skin as black as ebony, and when seen in full war paint, with his head-dress mounted with the gorgeous feathers of the blue and scarlet macaw, and his brawny arms and shoulders decorated with numerous strings of coloured beads and cowrie shells, he looked every inch a savage. During his career with Manders as a lion-tamer and hunter, he had some narrow escapes, and was on different occasions badly wounded by the beasts he performed with. Macomo performed with Manders's animals up till his death, which occurred at Sunderland in January, 1870.

When the collection came to Shields, Tom Macarthy took his place, although he had only one arm, his left arm having been torn off by a lioness in Bell's circus a few years before. Mr. Manders died of bronchitis a few months after the death of Macomo. The large collection then rapidly dwindled down, and a few years later it was entirely dispersed. Within a couple of years of the death of Macomo, poor Tom Macarthy, while performing in a den with five lions at Bolton, in Lancashire, was killed by one of the beasts. I knew him well. He was as bold as a lion, but rash and careless. Men who tame and perform with wild beasts are often bitten and torn by them. Tim Newsome showed me his arm all furrowed and indented by the teeth of a lion; and Mr. William Rice, an animal dealer in London, whom I had previously met in Fairgrieve's menagerie at Sunderland, was killed a few years ago by a tiger he was training. About twenty years ago Henry Scott, head-keeper at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, was sent to Shields by Mr. Jennison, proprietor

of these popular gardens, to see a Himalayan black bear which I had picked up handy from a ship, and which he purchased and took back with him to Manchester. A few years later I was surprised to see in the newspapers that the head-keeper Scott had been killed by a large grizzly bear which had escaped from its den.

After the sale of Mr. Fairgrieve's menagerie, Thomas Davy received a letter from Mr. Jennison, engaging him as head keeper at Belle Vue Gardens. Mr. Davy mentions an interesting incident which occurred at these gardens, showing the power man gains by firmness and kindness over the wild denizens of the forest. About two o'clock one morning Davy was suddenly called out of bed by the night watchman, who informed him that one of the animals had got loose. He did not know what it was, but it was a big thing. So, hurrying on his clothes, and calling up one of the under keepers to accompany him, on arriving at the carnivora dens they found a lioness, which had a litter of cubs, was pacing outside her den, the door being open. He ordered her back to her cubs, but on seeing the under-keeper looking at her through a window she made a dash at him. Davy then entered her cage, and brought out one of the baby lions, expecting to entice her back again; but the lioness, instead of going in, picked up the cub in her mouth, and trotted down to the Hyde Road entrance. Here was a predicament! The lioness loose, running down the gardens, and likely to escape into the open country. However, on Davy coming up with her, and threatening her with a stick, he ordered her to put the cub down, which she immediately did. Davy took it up in his arms, and carried it back to its cage. The lioness walked quietly along by his side, and, entering the cage, lay down beside her young as if nothing had happened. If she had been an untamed beast, she would likely have torn him to pieces for interfering with her cubs.

The late Mr. George Wombwell, in consideration of the valuable services of his niece, Mrs. Edmonds, who had sole management of No. 2 menagerie for several years previous to his death, left that lady the whole of the extensive collection which she had so long superintended. Mrs. Edmonds during her peregrinations frequently visited the North with her menagerie, which always contained some rare examples of wild animals. For years one of the attractions was an enormous Indian rhinoceros (the unicorn of the ancients), with its heavy overlapping falls of hide, which hang so massively over the shoulders and other parts of the beast, and which are said to be proof against a musket ball. There were also examples of the giraffe and that now almost extinct but grandest of American big game, the American bison or buffalo.

In the winter of 1861, when this collection was at Sunderland, I brought away in a sack an American skunk and a snake or two, which had just died, and placed them under the seat of an empty compartment of a railway carriagebooked for Shields. Now a skunk, with its shining dark chocolate-brown coat and white bushy tail, is a very

pretty and graceful animal to look at, but not to handle, even when it is dead. The compartment soon filled with passengers, and, the windows being drawn up, the train started. Whether it was from the handling and shaking while in the bag, or from the heat of the crowded compartment, I do not know; perhaps it was from both; but the train had hardly got started when one of the most disgusting odours imaginable filled the compartment. The company looked at each other, not knowing what it was or where it came from. One gentleman suggested that some one must have matches in his possession which had taken fire. I can compare the fetid smell to nothing less than sulphurous gas combined with garlic or asafoetida a hundred times concentrated. On arriving at Shields the passengers hurried out, and, taking up the bag, I made for home as quickly as possible. The night being cold, I left the animal out in the back yard, and by the morning the offensive scent had greatly subsided, so much so that I was able to take off and preserve its beautiful skin.

During the visit of Mrs. Edmonds with her extensive menagerie John Cooper was head keeper, performing with the lions and leopards, and training the young ones coming on. He also had charge of a very fine giraffe, a very sensitive beast and most difficult to keep alive in a travelling menagerie. After leaving Sunderland, the collection visited Shields and Newcastle. One night during this stay the night watchman, in great alarm, knocked up Mrs. Edmonds, informing her that some of the beasts had got loose, but on the arrival of the keepers with lights it was found that none of the animals had got out of their dens. A large savage tiger, named Nana Sahib, had, however, torn down a partition separating it from a fine South American jaguar, which it had attacked and killed by ripping up its abdomen with its claws. The same tiger some years before had killed a full-grown lion in a similar manner.

A few years later John Cooper went over to the Continent with a den of performing lions on his own account, and there he remained several years, visiting most of the principal cities of Europe, and ultimately returning to England, having realised a comfortable competence.

On Cooper leaving the establishment of Mrs. Edmonds, that lady engaged Ledger Delmonico, an African lion hunter, who had frequently performed with lions on the Continent, and who used to put his beasts through a most exciting performance, which he termed "the hunt, the fight, the capture, and the reconciliation." He remained with the menagerie till Mrs. Edmonds sold it off at Liverpool. He was then engaged by Mr. Fred. Jennet, circus proprietor, to perform with a den of leopards that that gentleman had bought at the above sale. The last account I had of Delmonico was that he and his leopards were at the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

While Mrs. Bostock was in the North, Thomas Cadona, her keeper, used to put his animals through some very graceful manoeuvres, entering the den of the lions, tigers,

leopards, and bears separately, and making them go through their performances in a masterly style.

Mdlle. Senide, the lady lion tamer, whose accident while having herself photographed with her head in a lion's mouth, caused such a painful sensation a few months ago, is undoubtedly one of the most graceful and daring performers with these animals I have seen. Shortly after the accident, which happened in Dublin, she commenced an engagement with Mr. Richard Thornton at the Theatre of Varieties, South Shields. The lady's fine presence and calm, dignified bearing on entering the cage seem to awe her pets. Being only armed with a light dog whip, she puts her group of animals—which consists of two lions, a large, fierce Indian panther named Caesar, and a Russian bear, all confined in a magnificent wind-up carriage—through several graceful evolutions, showing her complete mastery over them. This is effected by kindness instead of severity, for she passionately loves her beasts. The performance winds up by the animals taking their places at the table, where she feeds them with raw flesh from her naked hand, while Augusta, the bear, regales himself with a pint of Bass's beer, which he drinks by holding the pot up to his mouth between his paws. Mdlle. Senide stated that it was not through any ill temper that her lioness, Fatima, a forest-bred beast from Senegal, bit her in Dublin, but from the bungling of the photographer, who kept her head fully three minutes in the beast's mouth till it got tired. Then the turning on of the magnesium light startled the lion, causing it to close its jaws. She was frightfully wounded in the neck and face, one of the canine teeth being buried in her neck. Carl Beckman, her manager, rushed into the cage and dragged her from her perilous position.

This lady has often been bitten and scratched by her animals. She showed me her arm and shoulder, which were deeply indented by the long canine teeth of her favourite lioness Cora about a year previously. The beast had refused to go through a part of its performance, so that she was obliged to use her whip, when it turned upon her and threw her down, inflicting several wounds which laid her up for a month.

W.M. YELLOWLY.

### The Ring Ouzel.

**L**AVING its habitat on the uplands, moorlands, and fells, the ring ouzel (*Turdus torquatus*) is not so well known as the other members of the thrush family, residents and migrants. It is a spring and autumn migrant, and in the breeding season it frequents high-lying and uncultivated districts. "The ring ouzel," remarks Mr. Hancock in his "Birds of Northumberland and Durham," "is a not uncommon spring and autumn migrant, breeding in the wild districts in both counties. It nests frequently at Haltwhistle,

where I have taken it, and at Rothbury." The late Thomas Edward, speaking of Banffshire, remarked that a few ring ouzels bred now and then among the higher districts of the county. In the hilly districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, it is a conspicuous bird in the breeding season, and also amongst the hills of Wales and Ireland.

The ring ouzel, which has a wide range from Syria and Northern Africa, and as far north as the Scandinavian countries, has, like many other birds, quite a variety of common names. It is known as the rock ouzel, mountain blackbird, moor blackbird, mountain ouzel, white-breasted blackbird, ringed thrush, and ringed blackbird. The French term it "merle à plastron blanc," that is, the blackbird with the white breastplate. In cultivated districts these birds are frequently seen feeding in gardens while on their migration southwards, and they are occasionally seen in similar localities while on their way north in spring. They arrive in this country in April, and leave again in October, passing their time of residence amongst us up in the hilly and mountainous districts. The bird, as will be seen by Mr. Duncan's cut, resembles



the blackbird, but is distinguished by the white gorget. It is a trifle longer than the blackbird, but its eggs are somewhat smaller, though very similar in markings, and the nest may easily be mistaken for that of "blackie." The bird has a rapid and steady flight, and except when near its nest it flies at a considerable height. It feeds on worms, insects, and snails, and on seeds and wild fruits, such as the bilberry, and the berries of the mountain ash or holly.

The ring ouzel's song mainly consists of a few plaintive notes, uttered in a clear and warbling whistle. The male bird sings best when his mate is hatching; then, perched on a heathery bank or on a fragment of jutting rock in a clough, not far from the nest, its pleasant warble may be frequently heard. When the female is flushed from the nest, she flies a few yards, utters a harsh chatter, and seems most anxious until the intruder has departed. The nest, which is a trifle more compact than that of

the blackbird, is built of fibrous roots, lined with clay, with an inner lining of dried grass.

The eggs, which vary much in size and colouring, are usually four or five, mostly four. They are of a pale greenish blue, speckled with pale purple and reddish-brown markings, except at the larger ends, where the markings conceal the ground colour.

The bird derives its scientific name (*Torquatus*), and some of its common ones, from the crescent-shaped white band on the front of the neck.

HENRY KERR.

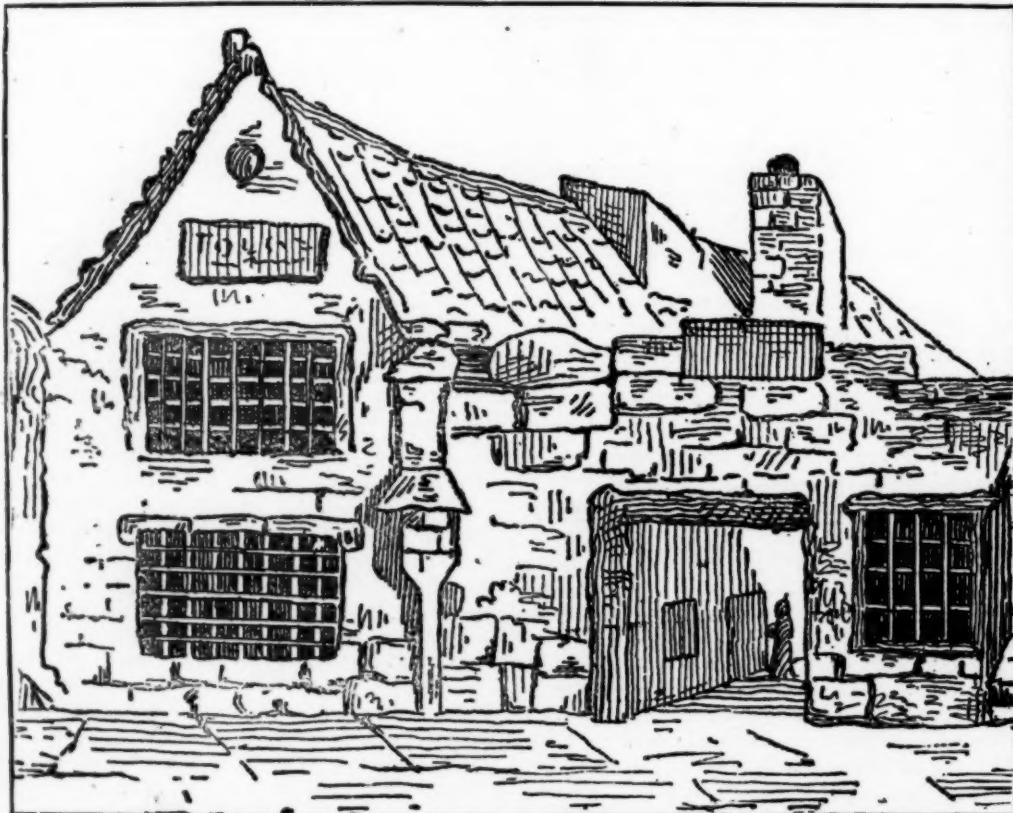
## The Streets of Newcastle.

### The Bigg Market.

**W**HEN Grainger Street was extended along the line of St. John's Lane to the Central Station, several houses in the Bigg Market were pulled down. In this way the ancient hostelry of the Fighting Cocks which gave its

name to the pant that stood just in front of it, disappeared. On the same side were the Unicorn and the Golden Lion—ancient inns both of them; these also have disappeared. Gone, too, is the Old Turk's Head, nearly opposite the Fighting Cocks, and described by Mackenzie as "a very commodious, well-conducted house, having the largest public room in the town attached to it." With these old inns have disappeared also from the neighbourhood those ancient stone steps provided for the help of travellers in mounting their horses. Gone also are the tubes for extinguishing the flambeaux, or links, which at one time it was the custom to carry for the assistance of pedestrians on dark nights. The last of these useful tubes in Newcastle was to be seen some few years ago at the right hand side of the door of a private house afterwards converted into Dickinson's tobacco establishment. In this respect, at any rate, "the light of other days" has vanished from the Bigg Market for good and all.

The name Bigg Market simply means that, when it was given, this was the market for the sale of bigg, a particular kind of barley, properly that variety which



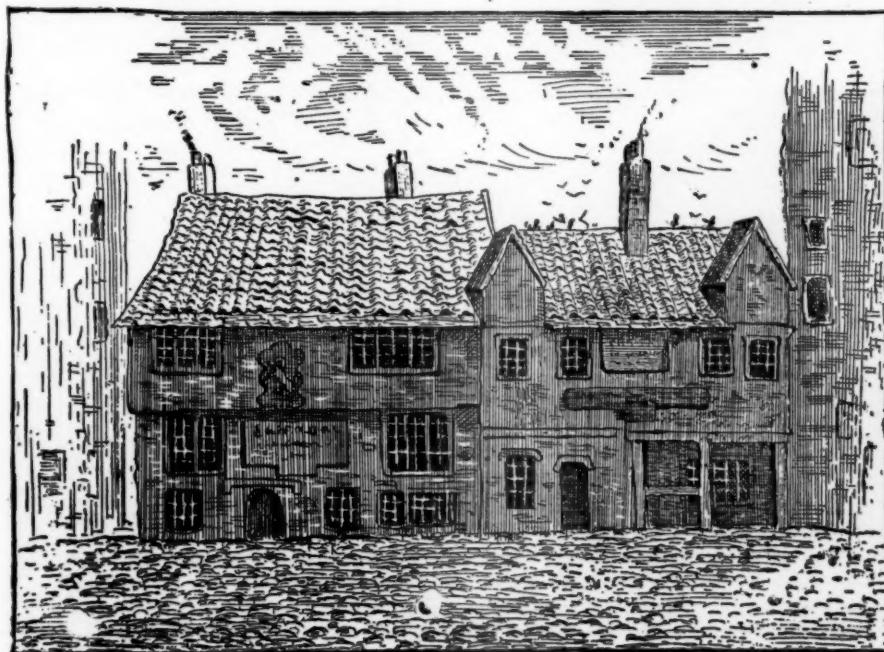
FIGHTING COCKS YARD, BIGG MARKET, NEWCASTLE, 1846.

has four rows of grain on each ear. It is now out of cultivation in England, and almost so in Scotland. But the street was also at one time called the Oat Market. It is now devoted to the sale of live poultry, rabbits, eggs, bacon, and butter on the mornings of Thursday and Saturday. There was a market for poultry also near at hand in the High Bridge at one time; "there are still," Dr. Bruce tells us, "some remains of the piazza in which it was held." This mart was called the Pullen Market.

On the right hand, as we go down the street, we come to the Pudding Chare, near the corner of which stood the famous book shop of the Charnleys. The name has already been discussed in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., p. 225.) The word chare, as we know, means simply a narrow lane. It is derived by some from the Saxon "cerre," *diverticulum*, the turning or bending of a way. Brockett derives it from the Saxon "cyrran," a turning. Others have it that it is simply the corruption of the word "ajar," partly open. The story has often been told of the witness in a criminal case tried at one of our assizes, who said that "he saw three men come out of the foot of the chare." Quoth the judge, pityingly, "Gentlemen of the jury, this evidence is worth nothing. The witness cannot be in his right senses. How can a man, much less three men, come out of a chair foot?" But the jury assured my lord that they knew exactly what the witness meant, and the case proceeded.

At one time there was a fine view of St. Nicholas' Church from the Bigg Market. But the authorities chose to erect a huge Town Hall just in front of the grand old church. A terrible eyesore it has always been to many amongst us native and to the manner born. Its merits were some years ago tersely summed up in the satirical words: "We've got a corn market where we shiver with cold; a hall where we can't hear anybody's speech; and an organ that won't play." To erect the Town Hall the Corporation had to knock down Middle Street, Union Street, &c., and so went by the board some interesting specimens of old Newcastle. (See page 232.) There were two rows of timbered and gable-ended houses. "They were low," says the Rev. Dr. Bruce, "and perhaps, according to our modern notions, inconvenient, but they were highly picturesque." As to the hall itself, the worthy doctor dismisses it with the dry remark that it is "a huge pile of buildings of modern erection, which greatly impedes the traffic of the street, and almost wholly obscures the view of St. Nicholas'." The doctor is not alone in his evident dislike to the building. Several of our local satirists have had a shot at it now and again, just as an elder bard had lamented the destructiveness of the Corporation:—

Oh, waes me for wor canny toon,  
It canna stand it lang—  
The props are tumbling one by one,  
The beeldin' seun mun gan.



OLD INNS, BIGG MARKET, NEWCASTLE, 1843:

A poet thus criticises the internal arrangements :—

A fine new Toon Hall there's lately been built,  
Te sewt mountybank dansors an' singors ;  
It's a shem the way the munny's been spilt,  
An' wor Cooncil hex sair brunt their fingors ;  
For the room's dull an' cawd, tee, an' ghostly an' lang,  
An' thor fine organ's not worth a scudicle ;  
An' if frae the gallery ye wante heer a fine sang,  
Wey, ye might as weel be in a keel's huddick.

Another critic is impressed with the appearance of the building from the north. "Looked at from the Bigg Market, the entire pile has a most mean and beggarly appearance. A terminating tower has been erected at the extreme north, which suggests the idea of a pigeon-ducket. An aperture has been left apparently for a clock, which would certainly be of considerable use in that quarter. But our Corporation always finds it much easier to project than to carry out." This critic is somewhat severe, but certainly the Bigg Market end of the New Town Hall is—well, not very impressive!

A third writes on the same subject as follows :—

THE CLOCKLESS CLOCK TOWER.  
Aloft I raise my head in air,  
High o'er Bigg Market and its pant,  
Proclaiming to the world my want  
As down I look on Pudding Chare—  
A want so plain that all may see ;  
And as they gaze, the passers-by  
To fish's head without an eye  
Compare the empty pate of me !  
How many thousand pounds were spent  
On me is more than I can tell ;  
But this I know, and know too well—  
The public use which I was meant  
To serve, I am not like to meet.  
There is not left, it seems, so much  
Remaining in the old town's hutch  
As would the builder's work complete.

Ten thousand's gone, there can't be got  
A hundred pounds the clock to buy ;  
An idle, wasted thing am I,  
And on this busy town a blot.  
Tis true I am "a thing of beauty,"  
But I shall have no "joy for ever,"  
If I, a silent tower, am never  
Allowed to do my proper duty.

Is there no councillor will rise  
And in the Council Chamber ask  
Why I'm not made to do my task  
In all men's ears, to all men's eyes ?  
I fain would strike and show the hour—  
Not made for ornament alone,  
Like many another handsome drone :—  
Save from that fate

#### THE TOWN HALL TOWER.

Having, then, this huge building in front of us, we must perforce tarry yet in the Bigg Market, whilst we look ahead and see what is before us, "in the mind's eye, Horatio." It stands, as we have said, on the site of what once was Middle Street. To our right is the Groat Market; the Cloth Market is on our left. Middle Street had formerly three names. Its upper part was called Skinner Gate; its lower parts Spurrier Gate and Saddler Gate. Bourne says of it: "It is a street as it was in Gray's time, where all sorts of artificers have their shops and houses." In particular, shoemakers much affected this street in former years. On the left hand of Middle Street was the Old Fleah Market, which consisted mostly of low old houses. The butchers were wont to erect their shambles here, each Friday night, for the next day's market.

Cuthbert Ellison, founder of the great local family of that name, lived and pursued his calling of a merchant hereabouts. In the closing days of February, 1556-57, he

*Bigg Market, Newcastle.  
1820*



was bidding farewell to municipal honours (he had been Sheriff and twice Mayor), and dividing his worldly goods among his family. "To my son, Cuthbert Ellison, my house, with the appurtenances, in Newcastle, in the Bigg Market, wherein I do now dwell." "To my daughter, Barbara Ellison, my house, &c., in the Middle Street of Newcastle aforesaid." So runs the record. A dozen years later, Barbara became the wife of Cuthbert Carr, of Benwell. She was married from the family dwelling-place, and they had high festivities there, ending in a quarrel between some of the guests, and a charge of defamation in the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham.

Of the Old Flesh Market, Bailie writes:—"The market for all kinds of flesh meat, held here every Saturday, is probably the largest and best stored single market of any in the kingdom. A stranger is struck with surprise when he views the long and extended rows of butchers' stalls, loaded with meat of the richest and most delicious kinds; the mutton, beef, &c., being mostly of the Scotch or Northumbrian breeds, and gathered on the rich pastures of the graziers in the vicinity of Newcastle, possess a flavour unknown in the more Southern counties." Mackenzie rarely indulges in humour—he respects the dignity of history too much for that; but he unbends for once in mentioning the locality in the following delicious note:—"The Corporation has named this street the Old Butcher Market; but this appellation has been generally rejected, because it is in reality the Old Flesh Market, having for ages been used for the sale of *flesh*, and not of *butchers!*"

Writing on this subject in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* recently, Mr. Alderman Barkas tells us:—

"A large portion of the old buildings which formed Middle Street and Union Street were pulled down to make room for a new Corn Market, which was built by the Corporation in 1839 at an expense of about £10,000. Prior to that date Mr. Richard Grainger, who found Newcastle crumbling bricks and left it stone, offered the Corporation the freehold and exclusive use of the newly-built Central Exchange Art Gallery, on condition that it should be used as a corn market. Mr. Grainger, I am informed, also promised to rebuild the front elevations of the houses in the Groat Market and the Cloth Market in a Gothic style of architecture, and remove all the old buildings in Middle and Union Streets, and thus open a magnificent area in the centre of the town. This, as it now appears, generous offer on the part of Mr. Grainger was rejected in the Council by 32 votes to 17, after a long discussion, and during the mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Lamb, October 4, 1837."

Elsewhere in the same journal Mr. Barkas said:—"A new Butcher Market was opened on the 28th of February, 1807, and from that time the Flesh Market was known as the Old Flesh Market. Market Lane, now a *cul de sac* in Pilgrim Street, led into this new Butcher Market, which extended from the foot of Market Lane to the large open space in front of Watson's foundry in the High Bridge, and down to Mosley Street, near the old Theatre Royal, and would thus cover a great deal of ground."

The sketches which accompany this article will enable the reader to form some idea of the ancient appearance of the Bigg Market and its neighbourhood. Fighting Cocks Yard is shown in the first of these sketches, while

*The Old Flesh Market, Newcastle.  
1820*



two other old inns which stood alongside it—the Unicorn and the Golden Lion—are represented in the second. Both sketches were made or copied by Mr. R. J. McKenzie. The views of the Bigg Market and the Old Flesh Market, as they were seen in 1820, are copied from T. M. Richardson. Pudding Chare will be noticed on the right hand of the first, with the old houses opposite which then formed Union Street. As for the Old Flesh Market, we may gather from Richardson's sketch of it that it must have been in his time one of the most picturesque corners of old Newcastle.

Near the Grainger Street end of the Bigg Market, and on the left hand side going to St. Nicholas' Church, a handsome gateway (shown in Richardson's sketch) led into Farrington's Court. The Farrington Brothers were cabinetmakers, and for many years had their showrooms and workshops here. The brothers were excellent specimens of the old tradesmen of Newcastle, men of great honesty and integrity. They were both bachelors, and the latest surviving brother, when on his death-bed, sent for Mr. Fenwick, attorney, to make his will. There were present at the time the doctor, the attorney, and his old foreman, Mr. Kinnear. When asked to whom he intended to bequeath his property, he told the gentlemen present that, as he had no near relatives, they had better divide it amongst themselves, which was accordingly done.

## Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Erasmus Blackett,

THE FATHER OF LADY COLLINGWOOD.



JOHN ERASMIUS BLACKETT, son of Sir Edward Blackett, of Newby, and grandson of the first Sir William Blackett, was born on the 1st of January, 1728. He was brought up with one of the Cunliffes at Liverpool, and, coming to Newcastle, and obtaining the freedom of the Merchants' Company in 1753 by patrimony, entered into partnership with John Simpson, an eminent coalfitter, whose residence was in the Broad Chare, north of the great gate of the Trinity House. Mr. Simpson was an alderman of the town, Sheriff in 1733-34, Mayor in 1742-43, and governor of the Hostmen's Company from 1745 to his death in April, 1786.

Under Mr. Simpson's guidance, and encouraged by his relative (Sir Walter), John Erasmus Blackett interested himself in municipal affairs, and in 1756, when the baronet was Mayor for the third time, he was elected Sheriff.

Four years later, being captain and paymaster in the regiment of Northumberland Militia, which his brother, Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, had raised chiefly from among his tenantry, and being with the regiment at Berwick, he made the acquaintance of Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Robert Roddam, of Hethpool, to whom he made proposals of marriage. Her younger sister, Mary, was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, in whose genial "Autobiography" the progress of the courtship and its happy ending may be read. John Erasmus Blackett and Sarah Roddam were married in June, 1761, at the Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, by the Rev. George Carr, a native of Newcastle.

After his marriage, Mr. Blackett lived for a time in Pilgrim Street, in a house near the Gate, directly facing the mansion of his relative, Sir Walter; his office was in the Broad Chare, where "Whitehead's Directory" shows him, later on, fitting Windsor's Pontop, Tanfield, Whitfield, and Marley Hill coals. On the death of Ralph Sowerby in 1764 (the year that saw the birth of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and Sir Walter Blackett elected to a fourth Mayoralty, with Thomas Blackett as Sheriff) he was made an alderman. The following year he succeeded Sir Walter as Mayor. That honour was conferred upon him again in 1772, when Tyne Bridge lay in ruins, and the magistrates and freemen of Newcastle were engaged in a memorable contest about the control of the town moor.

Up to this point, Mr. Blackett's career had been one of uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. But trouble was in store, and in the next few years he sustained two crushing bereavements. The *Newcastle Chronicle* records the funeral, on the 18th July, 1775, of Mrs. Sarah Blackett, his amiable consort, and within twelve months announces the death of his son and heir.

Twice again—in 1780 and 1790—the Mayoralty of Newcastle fell to Mr. Blackett, and then came a marriage which helped him to forget the losses that had embittered his prime. His daughter Sarah was wooed and won by a young officer, whose after-life shines in the pages of naval history, and ennobles the annals of the peerage. The *Newcastle Chronicle* became the messenger of good tidings this time. On the 18th of June, 1791, it contained the following announcement:—"Thursday, Captain Collingwood, of H.M. frigate Mermaid, to Miss Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., the Right Worshipful Mayor of this Corporation." In the "Memoir and Correspondence of Lord Collingwood" are more than fifty letters addressed by the hero of Trafalgar to his father-in-law, many of them breathing a spirit of affection and respect that only a good man could have elicited from so experienced an observer and ruler of men.

Some time before his last Mayoralty Mr. Blackett removed from Pilgrim Street to one of the fine new residences which Mr. Newton, the architect, had erected between the Westgate and the old Dominican Monastery.

and named Charlotte Square. At that place, on the 11th of June, 1814, at the ripe age of four-score years and six, he died. His name is cut on the floor-stone in St. Nicholas' which covered the remains of the first Sir William Blackett, and over the vestry door is a mural tablet which he erected "in testimony of the tender remembrance of an affectionate husband, whose grief for the loss of an amiable wife can only find comfort in full assurance of that promised reward which virtue inherits in the regions of immortality." These, and one other stone recording the decease of two of the first Sir William's children, are the only memorials which St. Nicholas' contains of the great family of Blackett, whose leading members were buried there with unusual parade and ostentation.

John Erasmus Blackett was the first Mayor of Newcastle with two baptismal names, and the last of his family to occupy the honourable position of chief magistrate in the home of his ancestors. The busy thoroughfare which stretches from Pilgrim Street to Gallowgate was called Blackett Street in his honour, and better, perhaps, than sculptured marble, preserves the name of a family that produced rulers of Newcastle—aldermen and sheriffs, mayors and members of Parliament—for the greater part of two hundred years.

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### John Fenwick Burgoyn Blackett,

THE POPULAR M.P.

According to the pedigree in Hodgson's "History of Northumberland," Christopher Blackett, an elder brother of the first Sir William Blackett, and an officer in the army of Charles I., married Alice, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Fenwick, and with her received, at her father's death, the manor of Wylam. Upon this branch of the Blackett family no titles were conferred. With the exception of Christopher's son William, who was envoy from the English Court to that of Sweden, in the reign of Charles II., the Blacketts of Wylam were generally unambitious lords of the soil, who lived on the paternal acres, and married into other many-acred families, or went into the army to fight for their country.

So they continued until the beginning of the present century, when Christopher Blackett number two, coming into possession of the estate, instituted those world-renowned experiments at Wylam Colliery which assisted in solving the problem of the application of steam to locomotion. He died in 1829, and his eldest son, also named Christopher, succeeded him. This Christopher had been brought up to the profession of arms, and had served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular campaign. Seeing no prospect of further military employment, he went into Parliament in 1830 as the colleague of Lord Lovaine in the representation of the pocket borough of Beer Alston. A few months after his election, the defeat of the first Reform Bill led to a disso-

lution, and amongst the members of the new Parliament he found no place. In 1836, upon the death of Sir Matthew White Ridley, he was brought out as a candidate for the representation of Newcastle. His opponent was Mr. John Hodgson (afterwards Hodgson Hinde), who had shared in the representation of Newcastle with Sir M. W. Ridley in three Parliaments, and had been defeated at the preceding election by Mr. William Ord. On this occasion Mr. Hodgson won back his seat; after a very close and exciting contest he received forty-eight votes more than his competitor, in a gross poll of 3,104. Mr. Blackett was elected for South Northumberland the following year without opposition, but at the next dissolution (1841) declining health compelled him to retire into private life. He died in January, 1847, and was succeeded by his son, John Fenwick Burgoyn Blackett, a young man of six-and-twenty.

Mr. J. F. B. Blackett was known in Newcastle as a cultured and gifted student. Educated at Harrow, he had gone in due course to Oxford, where he had taken second-class in classics and obtained a fellowship of Merton. Thence he had gone on the "grand tour" through Europe, and upon his return had qualified for the bar, written for the *Globe* newspaper, and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. It was known, too, that he held somewhat advanced views on political and social questions, and held them firmly; that he had leanings towards a Parliamentary career, and ability to justify and maintain his aspirations. When, therefore, after the death of his father, he entered into possession of Wylam, he became the rising hope of the Liberal party in Newcastle. At the general election in 1852, he accepted a requisition to come forward and claim the seat which William Ord, after twelve years' political service as one of the representatives of the borough, and fifty years' membership of the House of Commons, was relinquishing. The enthusiasm with which he was received surprised even his friends. "Frank, straightforward, and unassuming," wrote a contributor to the *Northern Tribune*, in 1854, "he won all hearts by his manly independence and evident sincerity. His principles not only commanded him to the people, but the absence of all lawyer-like special pleading in their enunciation at once won him their heartiest sympathies." He obtained an overwhelming show of hands at the nomination, and when the votes were cast up, at the close of an exciting poll, it was found that he had been elected by 2,418 votes, and his colleague, Mr. Headlam, with 2,172, while Mr. Watson, Q.C. (afterwards Baron Watson), with 1,808 votes, had been defeated. Mr. Blackett had polled a larger majority than any other M.P. for Newcastle, with one exception, and had received the largest number of votes ever recorded for a candidate in the borough up to that time.

The writer above quoted describes Mr. Blackett's appearance in Parliament as an unqualified success. His first speech in the House (November, 1852), was in favour

of Mr. Villiers's motion for Free Trade. In the debates upon Sir Charles Wood's Indian measures, Mr. Blackett, being one of the most assiduous and effective leaders of the India Reform party, took an active part against the Government of Lord Aberdeen. He made a similarly decided stand in favour of the admission of Dissenters



into the universities. During the discussion on the Budget in 1853, he spoke several times, and the substance of a proposition which he made when a further extension of the income tax was under consideration, that an allowance should be given for bad debts, was conceded by Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. To his acuteness was attributed the discovery that Mr. Disraeli, in pronouncing an eulogium on the Duke of Wellington, had appropriated, without acknowledgment, several passages from an article by M. Thiers on Marshal St. Cyr. Mr. Blackett, it is said, heard the speech, recognised the borrowed passages, proceeded to the *Globe* office, and either wrote or inspired the article which, quoting from the speech and the article in parallel columns, charged the leader of the House with plagiarism.

Out of Parliament Mr. Blackett was equally popular. He lectured in Newcastle and Shields in favour of Indian Reform, spoke in Newcastle and London at pro-Turkish meetings, laid the foundation stone and assisted at the opening of Blaydon Mechanics' Institute, founded a similar institution and schools at Wylam, "spoke generous words on behalf of struggling nationalities, to many of whose persecuted sons he rendered substantial help in the dark days of their exile," was kind and considerate to his workmen, active and indefatigable in the interests of his constituents, and had before him, to all appearance, a long and honourable career.

How all these fair promises failed most readers know. Political life, with its ceaseless activities, undermined a

constitution that was never robust. The health of Mr. Blackett gradually declined, and, although he bore up manfully, it became evident that, sooner or later, his exacting duties as a member of Parliament would have to be relinquished. He struggled on till February, 1856, and then, yielding to adverse fate, he resigned the trust which the electors had committed to him. In the climate of France it was thought that he might renew his strength; but that hope was not destined to be realised. One day, towards the end of April following, the great bell of St. Nicholas' announced his decease, and on the 3rd of May his remains were brought to Tyneside and buried among those of his ancestors at Ovingham.

### John Blackwell,

PREACHER, NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR, AND MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle—I go through. *Ben Jonson.*

The Rev. Alexander Kilham, one of the ministers of the Wesleyan denomination in the Newcastle district, published at Alnwick, in 1795, a book entitled "The Progress of Liberty among the people called Methodists." For writing this treatise Mr. Kilham was censured, and, remaining contumacious, was formally expelled from the Wesleyan body. Many North-Country Methodists, sympathising with the ejected minister, gathered around him, and encouraged him to establish a rival organization. Their efforts were successful. The year after his expulsion, the "Methodist New Connexion" was inaugurated, and, in due time, its leaders mapped out the country into districts and circuits, similar to those of the older body.

Among the ministers sent to Tyneside by the new denomination was the Rev. John Blackwell. He was a



Aldermen Blackwell.

Yorkshireman, from Sheffield or its neighbourhood, and, being a preacher with clear and decided views, and ability to make them understood among the people to

whom he ministered, he acquired friends and followers. With two respectable local families, the Bruntons of Newcastle, and the Falconars of Howdon Pans, he obtained a more intimate acquaintance ; and, by-and-by, Mary Falconar became his wife. Married, with the responsibilities of a household upon him, it was desirable to secure a surer means of providing for a family than the pittance of a Methodist preacher permitted. Resigning his clerical office, he quitted the pulpit for the counter, and went into trade. Through ill-health, the Rev. James Everett (destined to fame in after-life as another expelled Wesleyan minister, and founder of a further offshoot from the main body), was doing the same thing in the same town at about the same time. They both started in business as booksellers at Sheffield. Mr. Everett was a native of Alnwick, eight years or so the senior of Mr. Blackwell. They had known each other in Northumberland, and now, finding themselves thrown together—refugees, so to speak, from the pulpit and competitors in trade—they agreed to unite in a speculation that might be helpful to both. In Chew's "Life of Everett," under date 1823, is a characteristic note of the transaction from Everett's MSS. :—

A person of the name of John Blackwell, who had itinerated in the Methodist New Connexion, and retired from the work, commenced business as a bookseller in Sheffield. Being on terms of friendship with him, it was proposed that we should begin a stereotype establishment, verbally agreeing to bear an equal proportion of the cost of the experiment. He had got hold of a tramp, deaf and dumb, who professed to have learned the trade. This man was employed ; but between the poor fellow's defect of speech and hearing, our difficulty in understanding him, and his apparent inadequacy to the work, we abandoned the design with the loss of a few pounds.

The leading newspaper in Sheffield at this time was the *Iris*. James Montgomery, the poet, was its proprietor and editor, and his genius had given the paper a reputation extending far beyond the district in which it was published. Everett and Blackwell were two of Montgomery's nearest and dearest friends. The former, in conjunction with Mr. John Holland, wrote a seven-volume biography of the poet ; the latter became his successor in the ownership of the *Iris*. In September, 1825, the bargain was effected which transformed John Blackwell, ex-preacher and bookseller, into a proprietor and editor of a newspaper.

Five or six years passed away ; Mr. Blackwell had acquired considerable experience in journalism, and met with some degree of success, when an opportunity offered of combining both experience and success with residence among his wife's friends and relatives upon Tyneside. Edward Walker, proprietor of the *Newcastle Courant*—a paper of the venerable age of 120 years, died—and the property came into the hands of his executor, the late Mr. Charles Henry Cooke. Mr. Cooke had no special aptitude for newspaper work, and no desire to carry on the business of printing, publishing, and patent medicine selling which his predecessors had built up. He offered

it for sale, and it was purchased for £8,000 by Mr. Blackwell and his relative, Mr. John Brunton Falconar, the elder. On the 7th July, 1832, No. 8,315 of the *Courant* was issued by Messrs. John Blackwell and Co. The new firm put new life into the concern. They increased the circulation of the paper, and developed the business attached to it. Mr. Blackwell came to Newcastle to manage the property, and shortly afterwards took up his residence in a handsome new mansion at the north-east corner of Ellison Place. Retaining his attachment to the Methodist New Connexion, he was put upon their plan as a local preacher, and generously assisted them by pen and purse. It was at a meeting held in his drawing-room in 1835, with James Montgomery as his guest, that the Aged Female Society of Newcastle was successfully launched upon its mission of mercy. There, also, the leading members of the New Connexion were entertained when they came, the following year, to open their new place of worship—Salem Chapel, now the Central Hall. In honour of that occasion Mr. Blackwell wrote a life of Mr. Kilham, and after it had been revised by James Everett (who had returned to the ministry and was stationed as one of the Wesleyan ministers in Newcastle) it was published, and became one of the standard books of the denomination. Steadily progressing in public usefulness, he was induced to enter into the municipal life of the town ; and in 1839 the electors of North St. Andrew's Ward elected him to be one of their representatives in the Reformed Town Council. A writer of the period described him as "a reflective, sound-thinking man, imbued with a discreet spirit of enterprise, and not easily diverted from the opinions he forms ; slow, perhaps, in developing the resources of his mind ; in speech deliberate, but sufficiently emphatic ; the interests of a constituency could scarcely be entrusted to safer hands."

Mr. Blackwell continued to be an active member of the New Connexion until disturbances occurred in that body through the latitudinarian preaching of the Rev. Joseph Barker. He followed Mr. Barker for a time ; but when the latter began to preach Unitarian doctrines, and manifest eccentricities which astonished Newcastle, he left him ; left Methodism, too, and joined the Established Church, in whose communion he spent the rest of his life. So sudden a change in the opinions he had held and taught for nearly forty years naturally excited unfavourable criticism among his Nonconformist friends, and an event occurred a couple of years later which brought him into collision with the majority of his colleagues in the Council. At Michaelmas, 1850, he had been proposed for the Mayoralty, and was beaten by Mr. William Armstrong (father of Lord Armstrong) by a small majority. At the same meeting Mr. Philipson was elected an alderman, but declined to accept the honour, and a few days afterwards a special sitting of the Council was held to make another appointment. Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Joseph

Hawks were put in nomination. It was objected before the voting took place that Mr. Hawks was not qualified, but the Council overruled the objection. For Mr. Hawks 31 voted; for Mr. Blackwell the figures were reversed, and he received only 13 votes. Proceedings were taken against Mr. Hawks, who, however, declined to contest the point, and allowed judgment to go by default. While the question was pending, Mr. Blackwell abstained from attending the Council; but at a meeting of that body in December, 1851, specially convened to consider the matter, he was present and claimed the seat. The Council would not admit the claim, and proceeded to another election. Mr. Robert Robinson received 25 votes, Mr. Blackwell 4 only, and Mr. Robinson was declared to be duly elected. But Mr. Blackwell was not to be shaken off so easily. He formally disclaimed the office of councillor in April, 1852, and Mr. Joseph Armstrong, who had been admitted a partner in the firm of Blackwell and Co., was elected as his successor. This brought matters to a climax. At the ensuing meeting of the Council Mr. Blackwell attended as an alderman; the Mayor "espied a stranger" present, and after some discussion the alleged intruder was formally ejected by the Sergeant-at-Mace. Mr. Blackwell brought an action for trespass against the Mayor and Sergeant, judgment was allowed to go by default, and the Corporation, it is presumed, paid the £25 at which the jury assessed the damages. Then he applied for a mandamus against the Council to show cause why they should not admit him to be an alderman. The Court of Queen's Bench granted the application, the Corporation had no valid defence, and at length, at Michaelmas, 1853, he was allowed to take his seat as an alderman unchallenged.

Mr. Blackwell was named for the office of Mayor again in 1855, but his conduct in the matter of the aldermanship had not been forgiven by the dominant party in the Council, and, when it was ascertained that Mr. Philipson was willing to accept the office, his friends did not venture to put him in nomination. Before the municipal year was out, however, circumstances happened which healed the feud and put the "Alderman by mandamus," as he was derisively called, in good repute with his quondam opponents. It was upon an amendment which he moved to a proposed reconsideration of his own report, as chairman of the Schools and Charities Committee, that Vicar Moody was appointed master of the Mary Magdalene Hospital. The thing was cleverly managed, although the appointment raised such a storm in the town as few remembered to have seen before, and no one has witnessed since. For a time the Alderman was the best—or worst—abused man in Newcastle. He was pilloried in public meeting, reviled in the press, and lampooned upon the walls. In "The High Priest of Epona," a clever parody on one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," beautifully printed by the Messrs. Pigg, he was scarified under

the designation of Mentichus—"false Mentichus, that wrought the deed of shame":—

But when the face of Mentichus  
Was seen amongst the foes,  
A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose;  
At the windows was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed,  
No child but screamed out curses  
And shook its little fist.

The storm, however, like all other storms, blew over. Alderman Blackwell's old antagonists had attained by his means an object upon which they had set their hearts, and they did not forget it. When, therefore, in 1859, he was nominated again for Mayor, they offered no opposition, and, with the single exception of a protest from Councillor Newton, he was elected unanimously. During his Mayoralty he was married to a second wife,—Ann, widow of Benjamin Tulloch, of Newcastle, surgeon, and, when he retired from office, Sir John Fife was able to say amid the applause of the Council that the Alderman had been punctual and attentive to his duties, generous in his hospitalities, and had discharged his high functions in a way that was satisfactory to the town, agreeable to the Council, and honourable to himself.

Through all these discussions the *Courant* had pursued the even tenor of its way. Mr. Blackwell was a Liberal, gave his first vote in Newcastle (in 1837) for William Ord and Charles John Bigge, and remained faithful to the party throughout his career. But very little about politics ever made its appearance in what might be termed the editorial department of the *Courant*. In like manner municipal partizanship found no place there. Letters to the editor sometimes dealt with both political and municipal topics, but the practice was discouraged, and the *Courant*, under Mr. Blackwell's management, was a high-toned family paper, and, being both old and neutral, it enjoyed the largest circulation in the district. When the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855 made it possible to publish cheap newspapers, it was thought that the days of the high-priced weeklies were numbered. Mr. Blackwell shared this fear. He had some years before absorbed a rival sheet, the *Newcastle Advertiser*, and on the 3rd July, 1855, he started a tri-weekly journal—the *Newcastle Messenger and Advertiser*. By this means he hoped to forestall, if not to prevent, the advent of a daily paper in the town. To a certain extent he succeeded. The *Chronicle*, the *Journal*, and the *Guardian* were disinclined to move in the direction of more frequent issues, and from July to October the *Messenger* held the field. But in the latter month the *Northern Daily Express* was brought from Darlington to Newcastle, and very soon it proved to be a formidable rival. With Mr. Samuel Charlesworth, now co-editor of the *Christian Life*, at his right hand, Mr. Blackwell did his best to make his new venture successful. But it was not to be. The public rapidly acquired a taste for local news served up daily; they preferred spicy personal articles to decorous moral

essays; and as the *Express* rose the *Messenger* fell. At the end of March, 1857, when 273 numbers had been published, the tri-weekly paper was abandoned, and the firm limited their enterprise to the publication of the weekly issue as before.

Alderman Blackwell outlived both the partners of his prime, and having, in 1868, disposed of his interest in the firm, spent the rest of his days in comparative retirement. At the house in Ellison Place, which, for nearly forty years, had been his home, on the 12th of February, 1872, aged fourscore, he died. His widow survived little more than two years; the best known of his sons—Benjamin Brunton Blackwell, barrister—followed him in May, 1882; and now, in the town with which, for the better part of half a century, in good report and in evil report, it was prominent, the name of Blackwell finds no living representative.

## John Wesley and Grace Murray.

OHN WESLEY was a great and good man. The most determined enemy he had in the whole of his long life—and he had many—could never bring one charge against him affecting his moral character. Yet he had his weaknesses. One of his weaknesses was his excessive credulity, which rendered him liable to be imposed upon by every idle tale-bearer who came near him. He was also weak in another way. Although in many respects a man of strong and independent judgment, and also of determined will, yet in every one of the two or three affairs of love in which he was at different times involved, these qualities seem entirely to have forsaken him. Very foolish was his conduct towards Mrs. Grace Murray, of Newcastle, a charming young widow of thirty-two, to whom Wesley, who was thirteen years her senior, made love in 1748.

Grace Norman, for that was the maiden name of the heroine of our story, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 18th day of January, 1716. Her parents, whose circumstances were humble, were members of the Church of England. She tells us that "they feared God, but were much distracted with worldly cares and business." Early in life Grace became subject to strong religious impressions. She relates that she felt a continual desire of doing good to all, especially to the poor, and in consequence gave away whatever money was given her, and anything else she could spare, even taking bread and meat out of the house, without her parents' knowledge, to relieve her necessitous neighbours. On the 13th May, 1736, she married one Alexander Murray, a sailor. He was, we are informed, "nearly related to a considerable family of the same name in Scotland." His father, having been involved in the rebellion of the old Pre-

tender, had lost his estate, and, together with several brothers, had been banished from the kingdom. Four days after his marriage, Mr. Murray went on a voyage, on which he was absent ten or eleven months. Meantime, his wife returned to her paternal home, "seeking rest, and finding none." She tells us that her husband was always before her eyes, and engrossed all her thoughts. On his return to London, she rejoined him, and stayed with him four months before he went to sea again.

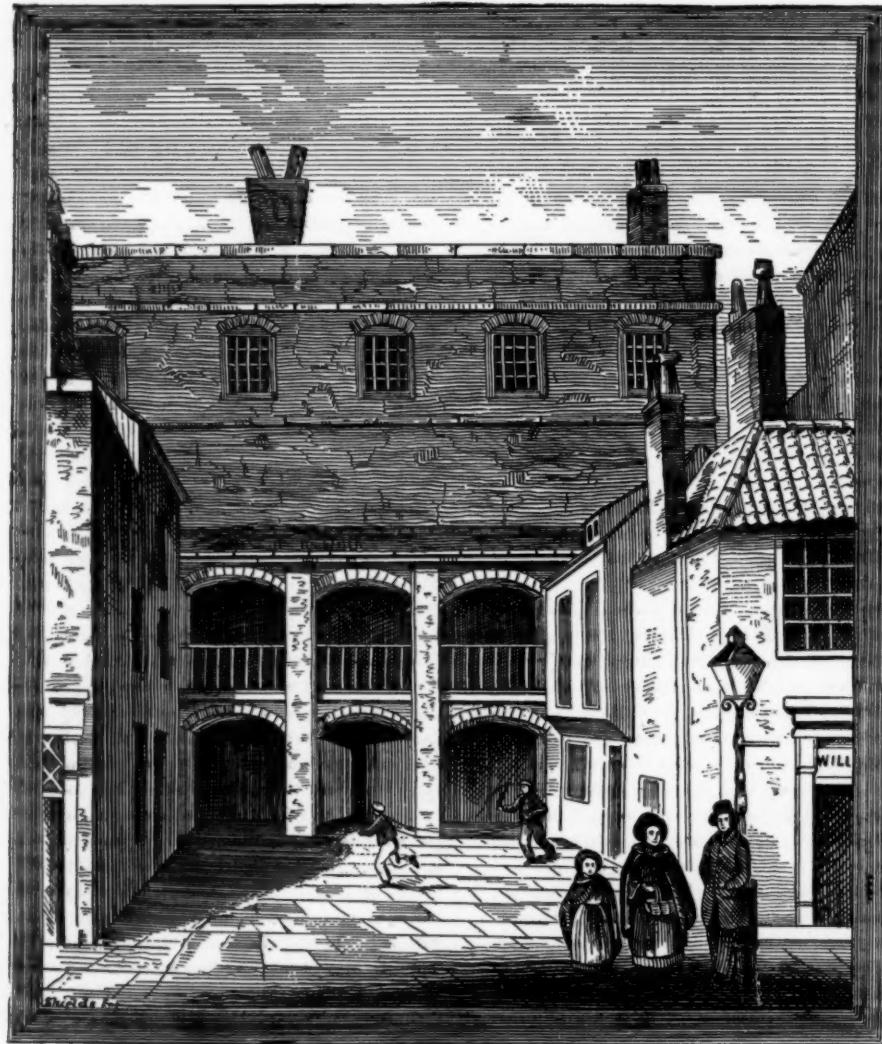
When her baby was about fourteen months old, she was summoned to Portsmouth to attend upon her husband, who had been taken ill there. She stayed with him about six weeks, at the end of which time they returned to London. In about a month her husband went to sea, and a fortnight after his departure their child died. She was for a long time inconsolable for her loss. One day a female acquaintance sent to ask her if she would accompany her to hear Mr. Whitefield preach. She went and heard him preach on Blackheath. She listened to him four days in succession. Whitefield was about to embark for Georgia, and these were his last sermons before his departure. When he was gone, Grace Murray was utterly disconsolate again. She says, "I wept much in secret; I walked up and down, but could find no comfort. I spent much time in the churchyard, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones, and then standing and crying over my child's grave." The Sunday after Whitefield's departure, however, she heard John Wesley preach at Moorfields, at five o'clock in the morning. From this time she lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching of the Wesleys, and ultimately she was received into full communion with the Methodists.

By and by her husband returned from sea. He was soon informed of his wife's conversion. Her relatives told him that his wife had gone mad through hearing the Methodists. The news threw him into a terrible rage. "You shall leave either them or me," he said. She replied, "I love you above anyone on earth, but I will leave you and all I have sooner than I will leave Christ." On hearing this, he threatened to send her to the West Gardens madhouse—a threat which he was not sufficiently hard-hearted to execute. Shortly afterwards, she had a long and dangerous illness. Her husband, afraid to lose her, granted her the one desire of her heart—to be visited by her religious friends. When she began to recover, the medical attendant recommended her to visit Newcastle, in the hope that her native air would effectually restore her. She took his advice, and her husband went again to sea. On returning from his voyage, Murray came to his wife at Newcastle. Early in 1741, they returned to London. In May of the same year another child was born to them. In August, Murray sailed for Virginia. He had then come to regard the Methodists with reverence,

although he had not actually joined them. On parting from his wife he said, "I am a great sinner; commend me to the prayers of your people." When his ship returned in October, she learned that her husband had been drowned on the voyage.

At the end of the same month, she, with her only child, went by sea from London to Newcastle. Here she entered zealously into the work of Methodist evangelization. It was at this time that her more intimate acquaintance with John Wesley commenced. Early in December of the same year (1742), Wesley purchased the land on which his Orphan House was afterwards built. On the 20th of that month the first stone was laid. He selected Grace Murray as housekeeper, and requested her to fetch from London "what she thought the best of her

goods, that she might live altogether in his house." Hereupon she engaged a passage, and was on her way to Shields, when a note from Mr. Wesley was placed in her hands, desiring her, when she arrived in London, "to stay there." She was amazed. She went at once to Mr. Wesley and asked him what was the matter. Wesley had been listening to the gossip of the scandal-mongers. "He immediately," says Grace Murray, "took me with him to S. Jackson's, who accused me of speaking many things against her before John Brydon and several others. Mr. Wesley had them all face to face, and they wholly acquitted me of the charge." Grace justly felt herself aggrieved by Mr. Wesley's treatment. She withdrew from her classes, went no more to Mr. Wesley's house, and retired to her mother's home.



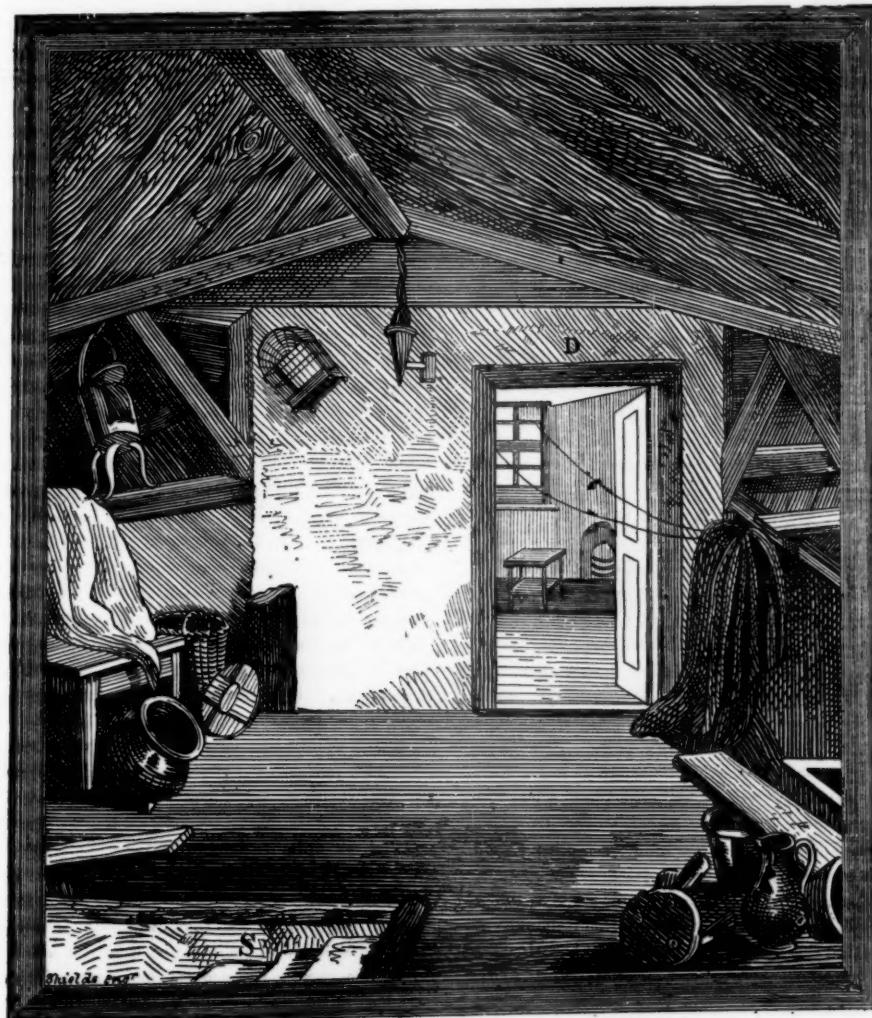
THE ORPHAN HOUSE.

She still, however, attended the morning and evening preaching.

Immediately after relating this temporary rupture between herself and Wesley, she says, "I was now more and more acquainted with John Brydon, and though there never was any engagement between us, yet it was commonly supposed we were on the point to marry." One morning Wesley advised her to go into the country without letting Brydon know where she had gone. She went to Tanfield, and, at that place, resumed her religious labours. Some time afterwards, Brydon married, "and," says Grace Murray, "soon grew quite light and callous. This shocked me exceedingly," she continues; "I was afraid his blood would be upon my head because I did not marry him." The despondency

to which this apprehension gave rise enslaved her mind for a long time.

In the early summer of 1743, Grace Murray went to London, where she stayed till autumn, when she returned to Newcastle, and entered upon her duties as matron of the recently-completed Orphan House. She continued in this office about a year, when she tendered her resignation to Wesley, alleging as her principal reason that she was "utterly unable to please S. Jackson in anything." From this time the religious gloom to which she was subject overwhelmed her. She remained in a state of despondency, harassed with doubts, about two years, at the end of which time the preaching of Charles Wesley brought back the peace she had lost. On Christmas Day, 1745, she resumed



THE ORPHAN HOUSE.

her duties in the Orphan House. One of the historians of Methodism, speaking of Grace Murray, says, "For several years, by her rare skill, her piety, and womanly amenities, she rendered the Orphan House a hallowed and favourite home, though always a brief one, for the great evangelist and his laborious itinerants." Not the least trying of her duties was nursing the sick. During the year 1746, four of Wesley's lay-assistants were nursed at the Orphan House by Grace Murray. One of these was John Bennet, to whom she was afterwards married.

John Bennet was born at Chineley, in Derbyshire. In 1739, when he was about 25 years of age, he went to Sheffield, and whilst there heard David Taylor preach. He soon began to preach himself, his "round" extending to Macclesfield, Burslem, Chester, Whitehaven, Bolton, and Manchester. On June 2nd, 1742, he first met Wesley, and subsequently at various times accompanied him on his journeys. On the 26th April, 1746, John Wesley arrived at the Orphan House. The following day, whilst the household, including Wesley and Grace Murray, were at dinner, a gentleman in black came up to the door. "It is Mr. Bennet," said Wesley; "I left him yesterday at Ferryhill." Grace Murray, in relating this event, says:—"The name struck me—I was amazed at myself, nor could I shake it off for some time." Soon after Wesley departed, leaving Bennet behind him. In a few days the latter was taken ill. The physician declared his state to be dangerous. None of the preachers would tell him this, so Grace Murray undertook the painful duty. She told him she believed he was a dying man. She then found her heart drawn out to prayer with and for him. "The Lord heard, and graciously answered," she continues. "Mr. Bennet cried out, 'All my pain is gone, I am well,' and from that hour he recovered, after having lain sick 26 weeks." He used afterwards to say that God gave her to him for wife in that prayer, when he lay sick on his bed at Newcastle.

Charles Wesley spent the last months of 1746 in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. When he went away, he took Grace Murray with him. She accompanied him in his journeys through Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, meeting the women in the societies, and settling the bands. In February she returned to Newcastle, where John Wesley himself arrived on the 2nd March. John took Grace with him in all his visits to the neighbouring societies. "At this," says she, "our sisters were much offended." During the summer, she had more sick preachers to nurse, and in the meantime the dissension among "the sisters" caused by Wesley's marked regard for her was increasing. She says she did all she could to reconcile them, but without effect. This state of things continued till July, 1748, when John Wesley again came to Newcastle. As before, Grace Murray accompanied him in all his visits to the country societies. Early in the following month he was taken ill at Newcastle, and for

two or three days Grace Murray nursed him incessantly at the Orphan House.

It is at this point that Wesley's account of his courtship of Grace Murray commences. The story, as he tells it, is long and tedious. For this reason, instead of repeating his narrative *in extenso*, we shall give just so much of it, in his own words or ours, as is necessary to convey a clear idea of the circumstances.

"In August," he says, "I was taken ill at Newcastle. Grace Murray attended me continually. When I was a little recovered, I told her—sliding into it I know not how—"If ever I marry, I think you will be the person." After a while he spoke to her more plainly. She was amazed, and replied, "This is too great a blessing for me; it is all I could have wished for under heaven." "From that time," says Wesley, "I conversed with her as my own." He remained in Newcastle about ten days, and the night before his departure told her he was convinced that God had called her to be his fellow-labourer. He promised to take her with him into Ireland the following spring, and added, "Now we must part for a time, but if we meet again, I trust we shall part no more." She begged him not to leave her so soon, saying, "It is more than I can bear." Moved by her appeal, he took her with him through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, "where," says Wesley, "she was unspeakably useful both to me and to the societies." She travelled with him about a fortnight, at the end of which they reached Chineley, where John Bennet resided. Wesley left Grace with Bennet, and, says he, "went on my way rejoicing." The following day, Bennet, who it seems had maintained a correspondence with Grace Murray from the time when he first believed God had destined her to be his wife, proposed marriage to her, and, strange to say, after a day or two's consideration, she consented. She then returned to Newcastle. Not long after, they both wrote to Wesley, asking his consent to their marriage. She said she believed it to be the will of God. Wesley suspected that they were already married; however, says he, "I wrote a mild answer to both." She replied in so affectionate a manner that Wesley believed her intention of marrying Bennet was at an end. This, however, was not the case. She corresponded lovingly with both Wesley and Bennet. When the former wrote to her, she replied that she would live and die with him. When she heard from Bennet, "her affection for him revived, and she wrote to him in the tenderest manner."

Early in 1749 Wesley requested her to join him at Bristol, in order to accompany him to Ireland. She immediately wrote to Bennet, saying that if he loved her he must meet her at Sheffield—which town she would pass through on her way from Newcastle to Bristol—for she was sent for to Ireland, and if he did not meet her there she would not answer for what might follow. Bennet, on receiving this message, determined to meet

her, as she desired him ; but, just as he mounted his horse, word was brought him that his brother-in-law was dead. This prevented his departure for Sheffield, so Grace Murray went forward to Bristol without seeing him. On meeting Wesley she told him what had passed between Bennet and herself. She thought her contract with Bennet was binding ; but Wesley, by reminding her of what had previously passed between themselves, soon convinced her that it was not.

On the 15th of April, Wesley and Grace Murray sailed for Ireland. They spent rather more than three months in the sister isle. She was, says Wesley, both a servant and a friend to him, as well as a fellow-labourer in the Gospel. "She provided everything I wanted. She told me with all faithfulness and freedom if she thought anything amiss in my behaviour. The more we conversed together the more I loved her." Before they left Ireland they contracted a *contract de præsenti*. Meanwhile, her correspondence with Bennet was dropped. They sailed from Dublin to Bristol in July. Here she heard some idle tales about Wesley and one Molly Francis, which, says Wesley, were so plausibly related that she believed them. At all events, they provoked "a vehement fit of jealousy," in the midst of which she sent a loving letter to Bennet. The following day, in great agony of mind, "she told Wesley what she had done, but," says he, "it was too late." Bennet's love for her revived, and he wrote to her, saying he would meet her when she came into the North.

Wesley, however, took her forward to London, and from thence to Epworth, in Lincolnshire, his native village. Here they were met by Bennet. Wesley began to speak to him freely, but was stopped by his saying, "She has sent me all your letters." Bennet mentioned many other circumstances, of what nature we do not know. "I saw," says Wesley, "if these things were true, that he had the best right to her." So, the following morning, he sent her word that "he thought it was not proper she and he should converse any more together." On receiving this message, she immediately ran to him, and, in an agony of tears, "begged him not to talk so, unless he designed to kill her." "She uttered many other tender expressions," says Wesley, whereat he was distressed exceedingly. Before he could recover himself, Bennet came into the room, and peremptorily claimed her as his right. Wesley was stunned, and knew not what to say. He thought, "She loves him best; and why should I speak, to lay a ground of future uneasiness between them?" He feared that, if each should insist on his claim, it would be cutting her asunder. So he again determined to give her up. In this purpose he went home, sensible only of "deep anguish of spirit from a piercing conviction of the irreparable loss he had sustained." He determined not to converse with her any more. But he was in love, and his decision was soon

changed. About two o'clock the same day he was told that Sister Murray was very ill, and obliged to keep her bed. He thought he ought to visit her. Immediately she saw him, she said, "I love you a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennet in my life; but I am afraid that, if I don't marry him, he will turn mad." After Wesley had gone, Bennet himself, accompanied by one David Trathen, visited her. Bennet urged his old suit, and his friend added his entreaties. They told her they would not leave her till morning unless she gave her answer. At length she said, "I will marry John Bennet."

The next morning she told Wesley what had passed. He was more perplexed than ever. For several days he was unresolved what to do, till one day he asked, "Which will you choose?" She then repeatedly declared that she was determined, both by conscience and inclination, to live and die with him. The same evening they reached Newcastle together. The following day Wesley wrote a long letter to Bennet, which one William Shent promised to deliver with his own hand, but failed to do so. The letter itself was not very wise, as these extracts will show :—

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sept. 7, 1749.  
My Dear Brother,— . . . As one of my helpers, I  
desired you, three years ago, to assist me at Newcastle.  
In my house I had placed a servant (Grace Murray),  
whom I had tried several years, and found faithful in all  
things. . . . Both by the nature and rules of your  
office you were engaged to do nothing of importance  
without consulting me. She was likewise engaged . . .  
to take no step of any moment without my knowledge  
and consent. . . . Notwithstanding this, you were  
scarcely out of my house when, without ever consulting  
me, you solicited her to take a step of the last importance,  
without my consent or knowledge. . . . You, to whom  
I had done no wrong, wronged me, and that in an un-  
common manner. You endeavoured . . . to rob me  
of a most faithful and most useful servant. . . . Three  
days after I left her [at Chilney], you, without ever con-  
sulting me, solicited her again, and in a few days more  
prevailed upon her to comply and promise marriage to  
you. . . . Upon her return from Ireland. . . .  
you rushed forward, and by vehement importunity  
forced her tender and compassionate mind to promise you  
again. . . . Was not your very first step wrong?  
Was it acting faithfully, even as a friend, to move such a  
thing without my consent and knowledge? Was it not  
much more wrong, considering you as a helper, who as  
such ought to do nothing without my advice? . . .  
Was not all this unjust and unkind, as well as treacherous  
and unfaithful? . . . I can say no more—only this—  
you can tear her away by violence, but my consent I  
cannot, dare not give: nor I fear can God give you his  
blessing.

JOHN WESLEY.

On the same day that Wesley wrote the above letter Grace Murray also wrote to Bennet. She declared that "she was more and more convinced both he [Bennet] and she had sinned against God in entering on any engagement at all without Mr. Wesley's knowledge and consent."

The next day Grace and Wesley set out together for Berwick, visiting all the intermediate societies. "Every hour," says Wesley, "gave me fresh proof of her usefulness and affection. Yet I could not consent," he continues, "to her repeated request to marry imme-

dately. I told her before this could be done it would be needful, first, to satisfy John Bennet; second, to secure my brother's consent; and, third, to send an account of the reasons on which I proceeded to every helper and every society in England, at the same time desiring their prayers." During their stay at Berwick, Wealey, at Grace Murray's dictation, wrote an account of her life, to which we are partly indebted for this narrative. They remained at Berwick five days. "The more I knew her," writes Wesley, "the more I loved her." She frequently said to him, "Now it is impossible we should part; God has united us for ever." They started for Newcastle on Thursday, the 14th September, and arrived on the Saturday morning. On the Sunday, they conversed together till late at night, and she gave him all the assurances that words could give of the most intense and inviolable affection. "The same," he says, "she renewed every day, yea, every hour when we were alone; unless we were employed in prayer, which, indeed, took up a considerable part of the time we were together."

Prayer and courtship on the Sunday. Monday and Tuesday he was employed very differently. On the latter days, "that I might be able to form a clearer judgment of her real character, I talked at large with all those who were disgusted at her, and inquired into their reasons for it." Sister Lyddell raised a charge against Grace Murray of having had "the impudence to ride into the town with Mr. Wealey; which," adds Wealey, "was accidentally true!" Mrs. Williams charged her with buying a Holland shift. Nancy and Peggy Watson accused her of buying a Joseph [i.e., a riding habit] before she wanted it; Ann Matteson, of being proud and insolent; and Betty Graham, of buying an apron worth ten shillings.

The following day (Wednesday) Wesley met Christopher Hopper at Horsley. Hopper was a young man of twenty-six, a native of Coalburne, near Ryton, and afterwards an itinerant preacher among the Methodists. Wesley told him the story of his love of Grace Murray. In his presence Wesley and Grace renewed the contract they had before made in Dublin. An hour later Wesley took horse for Whitehaven, leaving his sweetheart to "settle the bands in Allendale." She stood watching him ride up the hill till he was out of sight. Shortly afterwards Hopper started for Chinley, in order, if possible, "to satisfy John Bennet." When Wealey reached Whitehaven he became depressed in mind, and dreamed of Bennet and Grace. On Saturday, the 23rd September, three days after leaving her, he wrote to her, and commenced his letter with the following words: "There is I know not what of sad presage, that tells me we shall never meet again." Yet he records that even when he wrote these words he was persuaded that "neither life nor death would part them."

We have already alluded to Wesley's letter to Bennet, written in September. At the same time Wealey sent a

copy of it to his brother Charles, who was then at Bristol. As soon as Charles received it, he went to Leeds, where he learned that Grace Murray was engaged to John Bennet. He then posted forwards to Newcastle, where he met Jane Keith, a somewhat noted personage in the early days of Methodism. She told Charles Wesley that his brother was in love with Grace Murray beyond all sense and reason; that he had shown this in the most public manner, and had avowed it to all the societies; and, lastly, that all the town was in an uproar in consequence, and all the societies ready to fly, in pieces. On hearing this, Charles started for Whitehaven, in the belief that he should find Grace Murray there with his brother. When Charles met his brother, he urged that all the preachers would leave them if John married Grace Murray. He was, says John, shocked above measure "at the thought of my marrying at all, but especially of my marrying a servant, and one so low born."

So soon as his brother had left him, Wesley began to consider, as he tells us, whether he was in his senses or not, and whether love had put out his eyes or he had the use of them still. As a means of determining these questions, he reviews the steps he has taken, and "writes down" a short account of them. This "short account," which covers several closely-written pages, sets forth, first, the reasons why he had not hitherto married; second, why he thinks he ought to marry now; and, lastly, why he regards Grace Murray as "the most proper person" to be his wife. He concludes that she is everything he could desire as a housekeeper, a nurse, a companion, a friend, and a fellow-labourer in the Gospel of Christ. A nurse, he says, his "poor shattered, enfeebled carcass now frequently stands in need of." He afterwards descants upon Grace Murray's spiritual gifts. "As to the fruit of her labours," he says, "I never yet heard or read of any woman so owned of God." Presently he waxes eloquent. "Show me the woman in England, Wales, or Ireland," he exclaims, "who has done so much good as Grace Murray. Show me one, in all the English annals, whom God has so employed in so high a degree, I might say, in all the history of the Church from the death of our Lord to this day!"

When Grace received that letter of Wesley's in which he spoke of a "sad presage, telling him they would never meet again," she was at Hineley Hill. She was exceedingly troubled, and in the midst of her sorrow was surprised by a visit from Charles Wealey, who, on accosting her, kissed her, and said, "Grace Murray, you have broken my heart." He placed in her hands a letter, written the day before by himself, but which he represented as having been written with his brother's knowledge and concurrence, which was not the case. The following extracts shall suffice:—

My dear Sister and Friend, what shall I say to you? I would not willingly grieve you, though you have well-nigh broken my heart; and still you will be the occasion

of bringing down my hairs with sorrow to the grave. Neither my soul nor my body will ever recover the wound ; in this life I mean. But *there* the weary are at rest. . . . The case thus appears to me : you promised John Bennet to marry him, since which you engaged yourself to another. How is this possible ? And who is this other ? One of such importance that his doing so dishonest an action would destroy both himself and me and the whole work of God. It was on the very brink of ruin ; but the snare is broken, and we are delivered. I am returning with my brother straight to London. . . . Oh ! how humbled, how thankful ought you to be at your almost miraculous deliverance ! Had not the Lord restrained you, what a scandal had you brought upon the Gospel ; nay, and you would have left your name as a curse upon God's people.

When Grace had read this letter, Charles asked her if she was willing to go with him to Leeds and meet his brother and Bennet there. She readily consented to do so. He took her behind him on his horse and started on his way, intending to travel by way of Newcastle. Two hours after they left Hineley Hill, John Wesley arrived there, expecting to find Grace Murray at the house of James and Hannah Broadwood. Mrs. Broadwood met him before he reached the house, and told him that his brother had left two hours before, carrying Sister Murray behind him. Soon after James Broadwood came into the house. Wesley said, "I must go on to Newcastle." "No," said Broadwood, "I will go, and, with God's leave, bring her back." In a quarter of an hour he started, and, says Wesley, "I calmly committed the cause to God."

Wesley, having completed his labours at Hineley Hill, started again on Friday, the 28th of September, for Whitehaven. He arrived there on the Saturday. On Monday, Joesph Cownley, one of the most valuable of Wesley's early helpers, brought him a letter from Whitefield, in which he was urged to meet Charles Wesley and Whitefield himself at Leeds on the following Wednesday evening. He accordingly started for Leeds the following morning, but, before we follow him thither, it is necessary to return to Charles Wesley and Grace Murray and recount their proceedings.

The morning after they left Hineley Hill, they reached Ferryhill, having in the meantime abandoned the intention of travelling by Newcastle from a fear of John Wesley overtaking them there. At Ferryhill, however, they learned that John Bennet was in Newcastle ; and Grace Murray exclaimed, "Let us go to him." Charles Wesley, however, was told that Bennet would have nothing to do with her. He, therefore, left Grace at one Mr. Bell's, two miles from Newcastle, and went forward alone, determined to reconcile Bennet to her.

He found Bennet at the Orphan House. He told him that no one was to be blamed but his brother. Bennet was easily brought to believe this, and so into willingness to be reconciled to Grace Murray. Charles Wesley and Bennet told their version of the story to the brethren and sisters of the Orphan House, and their excitement and wrath became well-nigh unbounded. Sister Proctor

would leave the house immediately. John Whitford would preach no more for Mr. Wesley. Matthew Errington dreamed the Orphan House was on fire, and another dreamed he saw John Wesley in the fires of hell. Jane Keith said : "John Wesley is a child of the devil." Bennet himself is reported to have declared that, "if John Wesley is not damned, there is no God!"

At this point Grace Murray was brought upon the scene. She fell at Bennet's feet, acknowledged she had used him ill, and begged he would forgive her. A person who was present assured her that Mr. Wesley had given her up, and would have nothing more to say to her ; and, moreover, had ordered him (the speaker) to procure some place amongst the country societies where she might live privately. On this being said, someone cried out, "Good God, what will the world say ? He is tired of her, and so thrusts her into a corner. Sister Murray, will you consent to this?" She replied, "No ! I will die first." By and by she declared, "I will have John Bennet, if he will have me."

The following Tuesday morning there was a wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, and John Bennet and Grace Murray were made husband and wife. The newly-married couple, accompanied by Charles Wesley, at once started for Leeds. Whitefield was already there. John Wesley arrived there on the Wednesday night. He found Whitefield in bed. Whitefield told John that Charles would not leave Newcastle till Bennet and Grace Murray were married. Says Wesley, "I was troubled ; he perceived it ; he wept and prayed over me, but I could not shed a tear." He could not sleep, and felt that if the distress he then experienced continued long it would affect his senses.

The following morning some one arrived from Newcastle and announced the marriage of Bennet and Grace. Charles Wesley arrived an hour afterwards. On seeing his brother, he exclaimed, "I renounce all intercourse with you but what I would have with a heathen or a publican." Whitefield and John Nelson were present. They prayed, wept, and entreated, "till the storm passed away," and the brothers were reconciled. Now Bennet came into the room. Neither he nor Wesley could speak. They "kissed each other, and wept."

The next day (Friday) a message was brought to Wesley that John Bennet and his wife desired to see him. The meeting shall be related in Wesley's words. "I went ; but, oh ! what an interview ! it was not soon that words could find their way. We sat weeping at each other, till I asked her, 'What did you say to my brother to make him accost me in the way he did ?' She fell at my feet, and said 'she never had spoken or could speak against me,' uttering many other words to the same effect, in the midst of numberless sighs and tears. Before she rose, he fell on his knees too, and asked my pardon for what he had spoken of me. Between them

both, I knew not what to say or do. After dinner, I talked with her alone. She averred, with the utmost emotion, being all dissolved in tears, that she never laid the blame upon me, whom she knew to be entirely innocent," with much more of the same kind, attempting to justify her vacillating conduct. Wesley concludes his account with the exclamation, "Hardly has such a case been from the foundation of the world!"

The sequel is soon told. Bennet remained a preacher in Wesley's connexion till April, 1752, when, having accepted the tenets of Calvinism, he publicly separated from the Methodists, at Bolton, in Lancashire. The following year a meeting-house was built for him at Warbutton, in Cheshire, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 24th of May, 1759. His widow outlived him nearly forty-four years. She died on the 23rd of February, 1803, in the 89th year of her age.

Wesley and Mrs. Bennet only met once after the painful meeting at Leeds already mentioned. This was in the year 1788, when Wesley was 85 years old, and she was 72. Her son, William Bennet, was then minister of a Dissenting chapel in Moorfields, London. His mother came from Chapel-en-le-Frith, in Derbyshire, where she spent her later years, to pay him a visit. Thomas Olivers, one of Wesley's preachers, visited her, and to him she expressed a desire to see Mr. Wesley. Olivers told Wesley of this, and next morning the venerable evangelist, accompanied by Henry Moore, went to see her. "The meeting," says Moore, "was affecting; but Mr. Wesley preserved more than his usual self-possession. It was easy to see, notwithstanding the many years which had intervened, that, both in sweetness of spirit, and in person and manners, she was a fit subject for the tender regrets" which Wesley had expressed thirty-nine years before. "The interview," Moore proceeds, "did not continue long, and I do not remember that I ever heard Mr. Wesley mention her name afterwards."

### "Lucy Gray, of Allendale."

HE song printed below, which was for years a popular favourite, as sung to an air expressly composed for it, was the first attempt at poetical composition by Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian Poet, who was born at Carlisle in 1770, and died there in 1833, in destitute circumstances. Anderson received very little education, and that only at a charity school, from which he was removed at the age of ten, in order to be apprenticed to the business of pattern-drawing. His master having removed to London, he accompanied him thither; and it was one evening when he chanced to go to Vauxhall, and was disgusted with the songs he heard there, that the idea first struck him that he could write better ones himself.

By the following morning he had produced "Lucy Gray," which he offered to the managers of the place and got it accepted. It was suggested to him, as he tells us in his Autobiography, from having heard a Northumbrian friend relate the story of two unfortunate lovers belonging to Allendale—Lucy Gray and James Walton. The girl was a great beauty, and the toast of Allendale Town and neighbourhood; while her sweetheart was a neighbouring farmer's son, noted for his wonderful agility as a dancer. Lucy, however, was consumptive, and died in her seventeenth year; and James took her untimely death so to heart that he was seldom heard to speak afterwards, but haunted her grave, or her favourite seat—their place of meeting—in a dell, near a rivulet; and ere long, according to his request, "he was laid by the side of his Lucy in the parish churchyard."

Say, have you seen the blushing rose,  
The blooming pink, or lily pale?  
Fairer than any flow'r that blows  
Was Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

Pensive at eve, down by the burn,  
Where oft the maid used to hail,  
The shepherd now are heard to mourn  
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

With her to join the sportive dance  
Far have I stray'd o'er hill and vale,  
Then pleased, each rustic stole a glance  
At Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

I sighing view yon hawthorn shade,  
Where first I told a lover's tale;  
For now low lies the matchless maid,  
Sweet Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

I cannot toil, and seldom sleep;  
My parents wonder what I ail:  
While others rest, I wake and weep  
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

A load of grief preys on my breast,  
In cottage, or in darken'd vale;  
Come, welcome death! Oh! let me rest  
Near Lucy Gray, of Allendale!

### Bamborough Castle.



BOUT five miles to the eastward of Belford, upon an almost perpendicular rock looking over the North Sea, and about 150 feet above its low water level, stands the Castle of Bamborough, in long-past ages a fortress of might, and in our own a house of charity. A stately tower—the only original part that now exists of this once famous stronghold—appears to have been built on the remains of some still more ancient edifice, which may, perhaps, have formed one of a chain of fortresses believed to have been raised by the Romans, under the illustrious Stilicho, to protect this part of the coast from the ravages of the Saxon pirates. However this may have been, Bamborough Castle formerly possessed great strength, fitting it to be a secure place of refuge for the Anglican kings,

earls, and governors of Northumberland in the troublous times that preceded the Norman Conquest.

Its origin is thus narrated :—In the year 457, the Anglo-Saxon chief Ida (who traced his lineage back to the mythical hero, Odin) landed at the promontory called Flamborough Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the Welsh bards, opposed a strenuous resistance to the invaders, but the Angles managed to establish themselves on the coast. Fresh reinforcements poured in from the shores of Germany, and Ida, the “Bearer of Flame,” as he was termed by the Britons, became the master and sovereign of the land he had assailed. He lost no time in erecting a tower or fortress, which was at once his castle and his palace; and so deeply were the Britons humbled by this token of the permanence of his power that they called the structure the Shame of Bernicia. Ida afterwards bestowed this building upon his queen, Bebba, in honour of whom it was denominated Bebban-Burgh, the burgh or fortress of Bebba, now abbreviated into Bamborough. The massive keep yet stands, as we have said, and the voyager, following the course of the Abbess of St. Hilda, in Scott's “Marmion,” may yet see

King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
From its tall rock look grimly down,  
And on the swelling ocean frown.

Bamborough was besieged in 642 by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, who, not satisfied with the victories he had already gained, burnt the royal city and its suburbs. Penda tried to destroy the castle also. He accumulated vast quantities of wood, and laid it close under the walls, setting fire to it as soon as the wind was favourable; but no sooner did it burst into flame, and clouds of fire and smoke rise above the castle, so as to be seen from the Farne Islands, than St. Aidan, who was there engaged in holy meditation, offered up a prayer to heaven for the deliverance of the place. Sooth to say, the wind immediately changed, and carried the fire back upon Penda's own camp, which forced him to raise the siege in haste.

Oared, son of Alfred, King of Northumberland (not Alfred the Great, as some modern writers have imagined), shut himself up within its walls in 705, when pursued, after his father's death, by the rebel Eardulph, who was taken and executed by Oared's adherents. The castle suffered greatly from the fury of the Danes in 933, but was afterwards repaired, and esteemed the strongest fortress in the earldom. William II. besieged it in person in the year 1095, when Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, had taken refuge there after the commission of sundry treasonable acts. At the appearance of the king, the earl made his escape, but was afterwards taken prisoner. Still, however, Morel, his steward and kinsman, defended Bamborough, against the king's forces. “The king had turned the siege into a blockade, and raised a fortress near it called Malvoisin (bad neighbour),

some time before the earl fled. But Morel held out with such great resolution that the king had recourse to policy to effect that which he had failed to accomplish by force. He ordered the earl to be led to the walls, and a declaration to be made that if the castle was not surrendered his eyes should be instantly put out. This threat succeeded. Morel no sooner beheld his kinsman in this imminent danger than he consented to yield up the castle to the king. For the servant's sake, probably, the incensed sovereign spared the life of the master, but kept him a prisoner in Windsor Castle, where he remained for thirty years.”

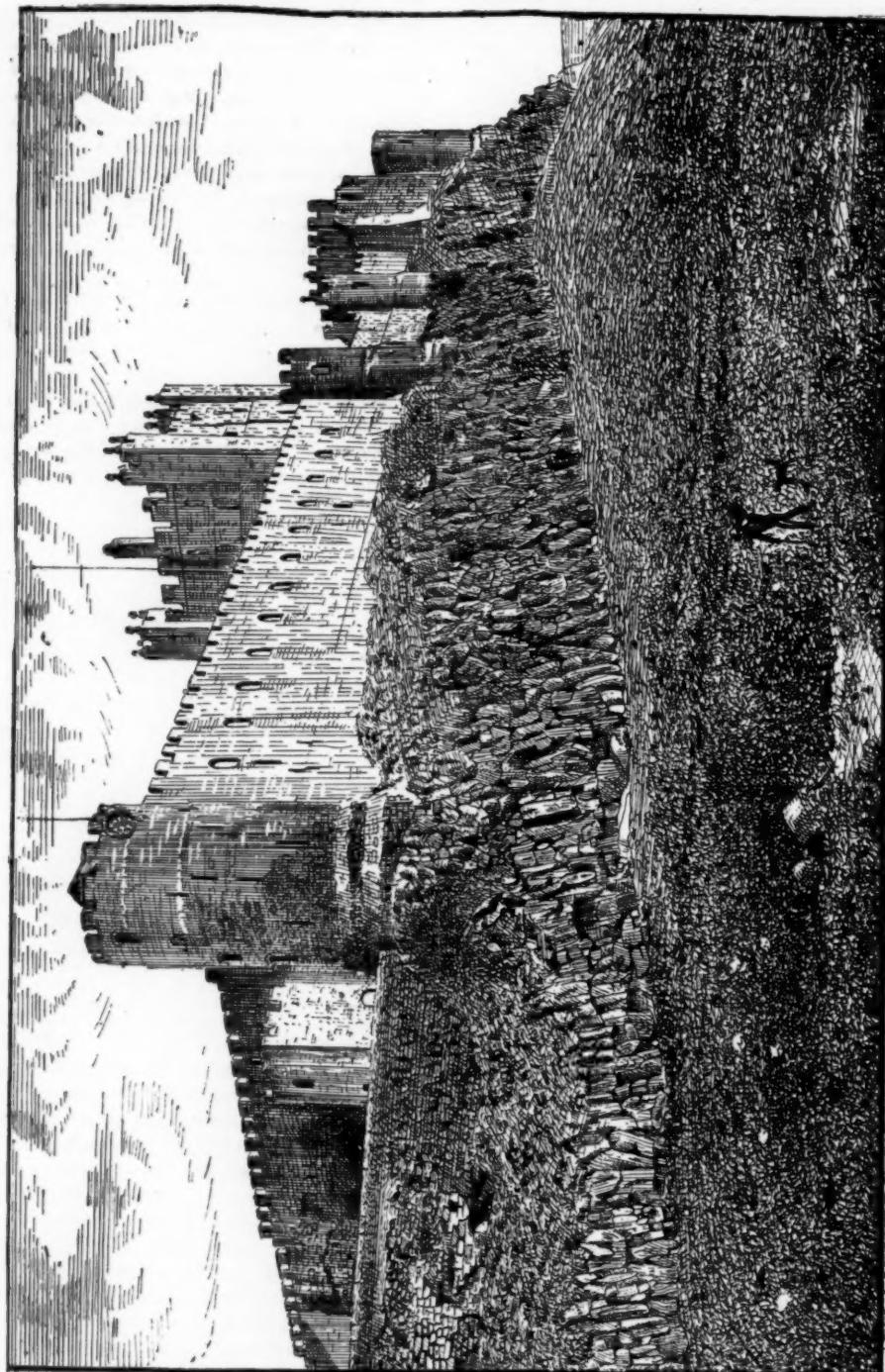
In 1463, Bamborough Castle was taken and re-taken several times by the generals of Edward IV. and Henry VI.; and a little before the Battle of Hexham, Sir Ralph Grey, the governor, surrendered it to the Earl of Warwick. During these Red and White Rose conflicts, the damage done to the building was very extensive. Since the accession of the Tudors, it has been in several instances used as a State prison.

The castle is undoubtedly one of the oldest in the kingdom (though Grose, Hutchinson, and other authorities differ as to its precise age). Within the keep is an ancient draw-well, 145 feet deep, cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below. It was first known to modern times in 1770, when the sand and rubbish were cleared out of the vaulted cellar or dungeon. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the memorable battle of Musselburgh, Sir John Foster, Warden of the Marshes, was made Governor of Bamborough Castle, and Sir John's grandson obtained a grant of it, and also of the manor, from James I. His Jacobite descendant, Thomas, forfeited both in 1715; but his relative Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham purchased the estates, and by his will, dated June 21, 1720, bequeathed them for charitable purposes. So that here, as Bowles sings :—

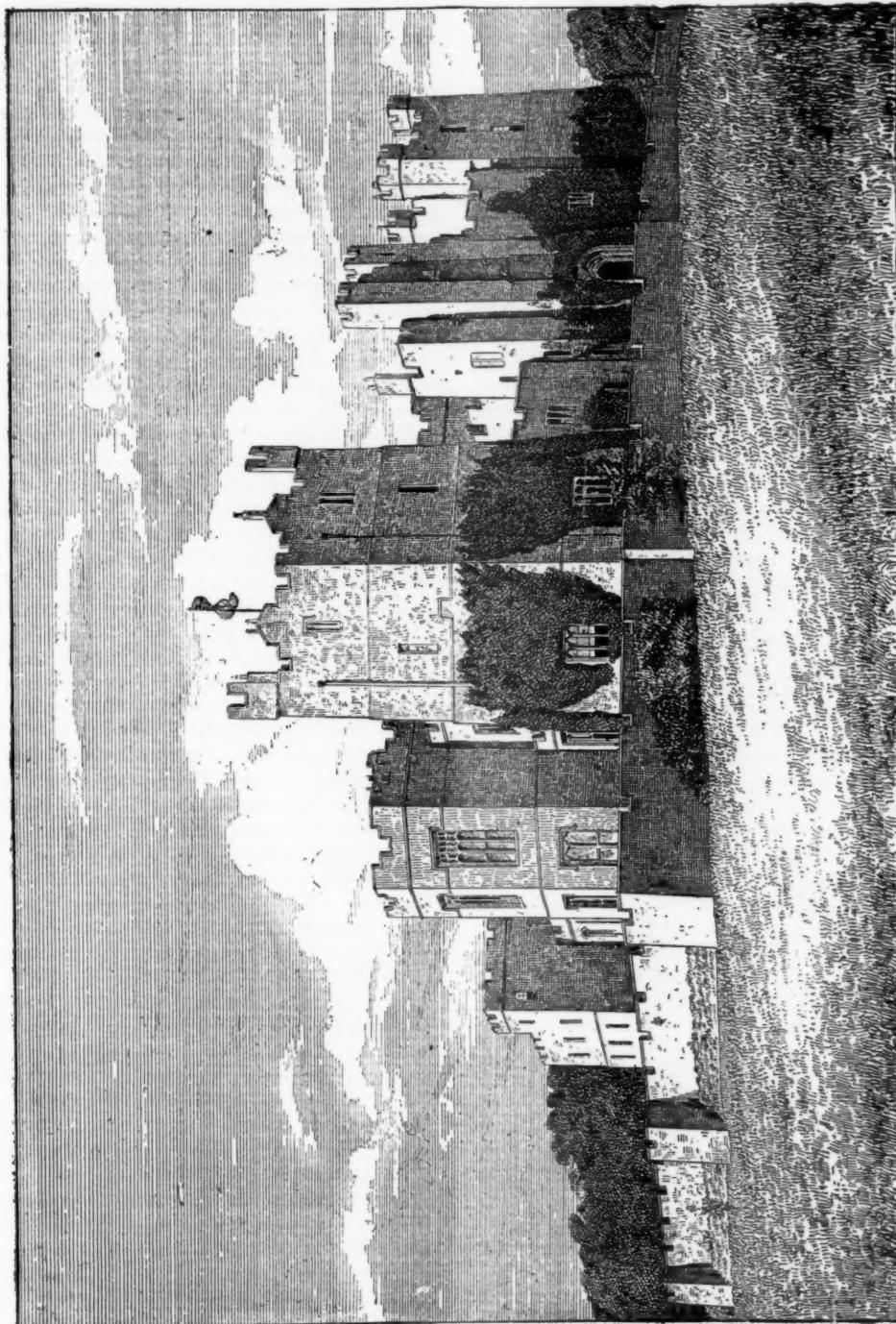
Charity hath fixed her chosen seat;  
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour  
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,  
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,  
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,  
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,  
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the grave.

In 1757, the trustees for Bishop Crewe's Charity commenced the work of repair, which was very much wanted, on the keep or great tower of the castle. Dr. Sharpe, one of the trustees, converted the upper parts of the building into granaries, whence, in times of scarcity, corn might be sold to the poor at a cheap rate. He also reserved to himself certain apartments for occasional residence, that he might see his charitable objects carried into effect; and the trustees still continue to reside here in turn. Dr. Sharpe contributed to the repair of the tower, and gave property for other good work, bequeathing his library, valued at more than £100, for the use of the establishment.

Much has been done since his time, in reclaiming the



BAMBOROUGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.



RABY CASTLE, COUNTY DURHAM.

venerable fortress from ruin, and converting it into apartments for benevolent purposes. A large room is fitted up for educating boys on the Madras system; and a suite of rooms is allotted to the mistresses and twenty poor girls, who are lodged, clothed, and educated. Various signals are used to warn vessels in thick and stormy weather, from the Farne Islands. A life-boat and implements useful in saving crews and vessels in distress are always in readiness. A constant watch is kept at the top of the tower, whence signals are made to the fishermen of Holy Island (a flag by day and a rocket by night), as soon as any vessel is discovered to be in need of assistance. Owing to the size and fury of the breakers, it is generally impossible for boats to put off from the mainland in a severe storm; but such difficulty occurs rarely in putting off from Holy Island. By these and other means, including a patrol of horsemen along the coast, many lives are saved, and an asylum is offered to shipwrecked persons in the castle for a week, or longer, if necessary. About a thousand persons are received on an average in the infirmary during the year. The funds amount to £8,000 per annum. Thirty beds are kept for shipwrecked sailors. It will readily be gathered from this that Bamborough is to sailors on the perilous coast of Northumberland what the Convent of St. Bernard is to the storm-beset traveller in the Leontian Alps.

## Raby Castle.

**R**ABY, pointing by its name to a Dutch origin, is first mentioned in connection with King Canute, who, after making a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cuthbert there, offered it, with Staindropshire, to the saint. Bishop Flambard wrested the rich gift from the monastery, but restored it again on his death-bed. It continued in the peaceful possession of the monks until 1131, when they granted it for an annual rent of four pounds and a stag to Dolphin, son of Ughtred, of the blood royal of Northumberland. To him, most probably, the first foundation of the manor may be attributed. Dolphin was, at all events, designated "Dominus de Raby," when, early in the thirteenth century, he married Isabel Neville, by the death of her brother the last of that line, and sole heiress of the great Saxon house of Bulmer, lords of Brancepeth and Sheriff Hutton. From their son Geoffrey, who assumed his mother's surname, dates the history of the Nevilles.

To Geoffrey's descendant, John Lord Neville, we owe the present castle. Lord John was sometime employed against the Turks. Being later appointed Lieutenant of Aquitaine, he restored peace to that province, which had been wasted by the wars with the French; and in his service in those parts he is recorded to have won

and restored to the English crown eighty-three walled towns, castles, and forts. Late in life he proceeded with the gradual reconstruction of Raby, and obtained from Bishop Hatfield, in 1379, a license to fortify it. It may fairly be concluded that, while some portions of the older fabric were incorporated with the new, Raby presents the work and ideas of one period. It continued to be the grand residence of the Nevilles till the reign of Elizabeth, when Charles, the sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland of that family, engaged in a weak conspiracy to dethrone his sovereign. Obliged to abandon his country, he fled to the Netherlands, where he died, a miserable exile, in 1584. His immense estates were declared forfeited; and, in the reign of James the First, they were consigned by grant to certain citizens of London for sale, when the castle and demesnes of Raby were purchased by Sir Henry Vane, Knight, from whom they have descended to the present possessor, the Duke of Cleveland.

The following account of the castle is given by Leland in his *Itinerary*:—"From S. Andree Akeland to Raby Castel five miles, part by arable, but more by pastures and morisch hilly ground, barren of wood. Raby is the largest Castel of Logginges in al the North Cuntry, and is of a strong building, but not set other on hil or very strong ground. As I entered by a causey into ther was a little stagne on the right hond; and in the first area were but two toures, one at ech ende as entres, and no other buildid. In the 2 area as in entring was a great gate of iren, with a tour, and two or three mo on the right hond. Then were al the chief toures of the 3 court as in the hart of the Castel. The haul and al the houses of offices be large and stately; and in the haul I saw an incredible greet beame of an hart. The great chaumber was exceeding large, but now it is fals rofid, and divided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a little chaumber wherin was, in windowes of colerid glasse, al the petigre of the Nevilles; but it is now taken down, and glassid with clere glasse. Ther is a tourer in the Castel having the mark of two capitale B, from Berthram Bulmer. Ther is another tourer, bering the name of Jane, bastard sister to Henry the 4, and wife to Rafe Neville, the first Erl of Westmerland. Ther long 3 parkes to Raby, whereof 2 be plenished with dere. The middle park hath a lodge in it. And thereby is a chace, bering the name of Langley, and hath falow dere: it is a 3 miles in length."

Mr. Pennant, who visited the district about the year 1772, made the following notes:—"Raby Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, is an entire fortress; was once the property of the See of Durham; and in the reign of Edward III. permitted by the Bishop to be embattled. It was at times the property of the Bulmers, the Cliffords, and the Nevilles; a tower bears the name of the first, and the gateway that of Clifford. It is an irregular but magnificent pile, and of great size; some part has been burned, and at present the great tower, called Bullmer's, is detached; all the towers are square. It is surrounded

by a great foss, only part of which is now filled with water. A fine parade goes quite round the castle, garnished with battlements. On Bullmer's tower is a great bas-relief of a bull holding a flag-staff in one foot, with a flag to it, and over his shoulder is a shield. The founder has also marked this tower with a great B. The chief entrance is on the west, and is very grand; it leads to a square, within which is a great hall supported by six pillars, the capital diverging and running in ribs along the arched roof. A stair-case leads from this into an upper hall of the first magnitude, viz., 90 feet long, 36 broad, and 34 high; the roof flat, and made of wood. Here assembled, in the time of the Nevilles, 700 knights, who held of that family."

Raby is distinguished from the rest of the larger castles of the Northern Counties, such as Alnwick, Prudhoe, &c., by this—that whereas they consist of Norman cores, which have, as usual, agglomerated to themselves a heterogeneous mass of buildings at a later date, following more or less the lines of the walls of enceinte, we have, or rather had, in Raby, a perfect example of a fourteenth century castle, complete in all its parts, without any appearance of earlier work or later alteration whatever. The interior is distributed into a great number of apartments, many of them handsomely fitted up. The entrance hall is uncommonly grand; its vastness and apparent stability never failing to excite admiration. The roof is arched, and supported on six pillars, with capitals diverging and spreading along the ceiling. Here visitors quit their carriages, which are admitted into the hall, and afterwards pass off on the opposite side, through the inner area and covered way.

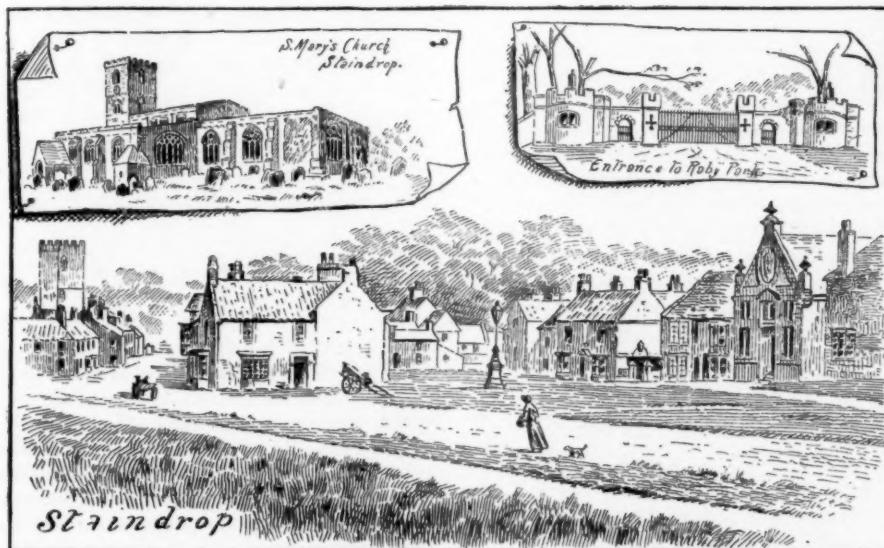
The lower chamber of Bulmer's Tower had, till lately,

a richly-groined vault of great strength and beauty. The hall tower has, inside and out, been wonderfully preserved. Vaults, windows, grilles, doorways, stairs, garderobes, are all nearly intact; it is really the most perfect thing in the place. The chapel, all mutilated as it is, still deserves notice. The sanctuary, which forms the central portion of a tower, has a boldly-ribbed quadrapartite vault; above it is a guard-chamber; its exterior window is masked by a very remarkable little hanging machicolis for pouring down boiling water upon an assaulting foe. Of newel stairs every tower has had one; and there are other stairs within and upon the walls, and garderobes and their passages, with which the building seems literally to have been riddled.

There are many good paintings in the castle. In the dining-room in Clifford's Tower is a large music-piece, containing the group of figures which Rubens placed in the centre of the marriage feast of Cana, in which he disposed his own portrait as a chief musician, with his contemporaries as performers. There are also in this room, and in other parts of the castle, many excellent portraits of personages connected with the present family. Turner's picture of Raby is hung in the great hall, and in the Octagon Room stands the famous statue of the Greek slave by Hiram Powers.

#### The Village of Staindrop.

Not far from Raby Castle is Staindrop, or Stainthorp, meaning the stony village. It is a place of great antiquity. The principal object in it is the old church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is the ancient burial



place of the Nevilles. The foundation of this building is said to be coeval with Canute, who, as already stated, presented his manor of Staindrop to St. Cuthbert. The present nave may, says Billings, date from about 1200, the period of transition from the Norman style of architecture to the Early English. The arches belong to the former style; the circular columns, some of which have foliage on their capitals, are of the latter. All the walls of the nave and chancel are of subsequent dates. Those of the first portion appear to be of 1343, when the then Neville had license to found three chantries in the church; and the second is of about 1378, at which time the then lord founded a college for poor men, and erected houses against the north wall of the nave. Every vestige of this is obliterated, and the stall-seats and desks of its ancient occupants are the only objects testifying that such an institution ever existed. Within the building is the magnificent alabaster altar-tomb of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who is represented in plated armour, with a lion at his feet, and the figures of his two wives to the right and left. In the centre of the chancel is Westmacott's white marble monument of the first Duke of Cleveland, placed there in 1843.

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## The North-Country Garland of Song.

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By John Stokoe.

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### BUY BROOM BUZZEMS, AND BLIND WILLIE.

**J**N the early years of the present century, Newcastle was possessed of a motley group of eccentric characters, whose peculiarities of behaviour, of dress, or of habits were a prolific source of amusement and gossip to the townsmen, and afforded fruitful themes for the lyric effusions of the local bards. Captain Starkey (of whom the gentle Elia so pathetically wrote), Cull Billy, Bold Archy, Judy Downey, and others in turn were the subjects of lyric satire or praise; but none were more frequently and kindly sung about than William Purvis, more popularly known as Blind Willie. Thomas Thompson (in his songs of "Canny Newcastle" and "Jemmy Joneson's Whurry"), William Oliver, Thomas Marshall, and William Stephenson mention him in their local ditties; whilst Robert Gilchrist made him the subject of kindly eulogy in the songs of "Blind Willie Singing" and "Blind Willie's Deeth," and in fulfilment of a promise made during Willie's life, he also wrote "Blind Willie's Epitaph":—

Newcastle's now a dowly place, all things seem sore achtie,  
For here at last Blind Willie lies, an honest, harmless wight.

Nor wealth nor power now look with scorn  
On this lone spot of one departed;  
For fashion's gay and glaring sun  
Ne'er beamed on one more happy hearted.

He was the poorest of the poor, yet ne'er complained of want;  
He neither carried purse nor scrip, and yet was never scant;  
Storms thundered o'er his hapless head,  
Yet he ne'er once their rage lamented.  
His was the lot too few have known—  
To live content and die contented.

The Bard who sung of Starkey's death in tearful strains and true,  
And planted on Bold Archy's grave the wreath ta'en from his brow,  
His local reed in dust he lays—  
Farewell!—there trill'd its final shiver—  
It has been tuned for Willie's praise,  
And now with him lies mute for ever.

This was Gilchrist's last poetical effusion. He who had sung threnodies on the deaths of Bold Archy and Captain Starkey laid his "local reed" in the dust over Blind Willie's remains.

Blind Willie was born in Newcastle about the beginning of 1752, having been baptised at All Saints' Church on the 16th February of that year. Willie never enjoyed the faculty of sight, and many Newcastle people who are closely approaching three score and ten in years will remember his sonsy, contented, sightless face, as he trudged



Blind Willie.

along the old streets without a covering upon his head. Several attempts were made by presenting him with a hat to induce him to wear one; but after having borne the infliction for a day or two it was thrown aside, and the "Minstrel," as he was often called, appeared uncovered again, preferring the exposure of his hoary, but well-thatched pate to the pelting of the pitiless storm. Blind Willie was perfectly acquainted with all the streets,

lanes, and chares of his native town, making his way everywhere with the aid of a long stick, and he would indignantly refuse the aid of any guide. The late Mr. R. W. Hetherington, who contributed a valuable series of articles to the *Weekly Chronicle* on "Newcastle Fifty Years Ago," relates an interview with the "Minstrel" in the Bigg Market, which is worth quoting :-

On this occasion he seemed a little lost as to his whereabouts, for he said, "Whor abouts is aa?" We told him, "Just at the end of the High Bridge." "Oh, aye, aa's gannin' te Rachel Dixon's" (the landlady of the well-known Golden Lion, now demolished, in the Bigg Market). Willie having to cross the street to that hostelry, we offered to conduct him to the house. "No, no," he replied, "aa knaa the way varry weel."

Willie did not often regale the public with a street performance, his more general practice being to attend some favourite public-house, where he never failed to attract a company to listen to his fiddling and singing the old Newcastle ditties :-

Which helped away wi' mony a gill  
'Mang fuddling men and queerish women.

He had his regular houses of call, where he was always welcome, and duly served. Thus he used to drop in on his rounds at Messrs. Clapham and Gilpin's chemist's shop, first in Silver Street, and afterwards in Pilgrim Street, for the purpose of getting a dole of Spanish juice, which was never denied him. His invariable address was, "Hinny, doctor, gie us a bit o' Spanish!" uttered in the confident tones of a simple, guileless boy : and "God blish the king—God blish the king—never sheed him—never sheed him; poor shoul—poor shoul!" was his regular form of thanksgiving. Willie's mother, Margaret Purvis, who died in All Saints' poor-house, had reached her hundredth year; and Willie, who breathed his last in the same place on the 20th July, 1832, was in his eighty-first year.

"Buy Broom Buzzems" was usually considered to be Willie's *chef d'œuvre*, and we have been told that when he used to sing it he was constantly adding new verses, either made by himself or made for him; and thus there were imported many feeble and meaningless rhymes, having no connection with the original theme. Some of these interpolations having been printed with the song in Bell's "Northern Bards," we give them here.

The melody of "Buy Broom Buzzems" has often been asserted to have been the composition of the "Minstrel" himself: of this we have no evidence except his partiality for it. It is certainly an English tune, and has never, as far as we can find, appeared in any Scottish Collection, although Robert Burns wrote an election song, "Wha'll Buy Troggans?" to it. Professor Colin Brown, Euing Lecturer on Music at the Andersonian University, Glasgow, writing to Dr. Bruce, after the publication of "Northumbrian Minstrels" (1882), and eulogising the work, mentions "Buy Broom Buzzems" specially, and describes it as one of the best examples of natural melody he had ever seen.

To the foregoing verses (writes John Bell in his "Rhymes of the Northern Bards") Blind Willie added the following simple rhymes :-

Up the Butcher Bank,  
And down Byker Chare ;  
There you'll see the lasses  
Selling brown ware.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Along the Quayside,  
Stop at Russell's Entry ;  
There you'll see the beer drawer,  
She is standing sentry.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If you want an oyster  
For to taste your mouth,  
Call at Handy Walker's—  
He's a bonny youth.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Call at Mr. Loggie's,  
He does sell good wine ;  
There you'll see the beer drawer,  
She is very fine.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If you want an orange  
Ripe and full of juice,  
Gan to Hannah Black's ;  
There you'll get your choose.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Call at Mr. Turner's,  
At the Queen's Head ;  
He'll not set you away  
Without a piece of bread.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Down the river side  
As far as Dent's Hole;  
There you'll see the cuckolds  
Working at the coal.  
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

## North-Country Vampires.

**W**ILLIAM, Canon of Newburgh, a priory of Black or Augustine Friars, near Coxwold, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is one of the most veracious and highly-esteemed of English Church historians. Speaking of his history, compiled in the reign of Richard I., or immediately after, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A., of University College, Durham, who translated this and other works of the kind, says:—"Both in design and execution, it is worthy of the approbation which has generally been awarded to it. In criticism, William of Newburgh was in advance of his age." He tells a good many stories, however, in perfect good faith, as literally true, which we more sceptical moderns can only regard as old wives' fables.

Among the prodigious things recorded by Canon William are accounts of several dead men who wandered about after burial. One of the cases occurred at Berwick-upon-Tweed. In this town a certain man, very wealthy, but, as it afterwards appeared, a great rogue, fell sick, died, and was buried. Whether he died under the ban of excommunication, and was consequently refused burial in consecrated ground, we are not told, but the probability is that that was the case. For "after his death he sallied forth (by the contrivance, as was believed, of Satan) out of his grave by night, and was borne hither and thither, pursued by a pack of dogs with loud barkings." It was natural that this hideous apparition should strike terror into the neighbours. Night after night, the hell-hounds hunted the poor defunct sinner up and down the deserted streets, running him aground in his tomb as soon as daylight peeped out, but only to renew the chase again after dark. The consequence was that no one dared to be found out of doors after dark, for each dreaded an encounter with this "deadly monster"—this vampire, werewolf, ghoul, lemur, or lycanthrope, who was doubtless cursed, like all his kind, with a ravenous appetite for human flesh, bent upon doing every manner of mischief to the living, biting every person that came in his way, and either worrying them to death or driving them stark mad. The historian goes on to say that "the higher and middle classes of the people held a necessary investigation into what was requisite to be done, the more simple among them fearing, in the event of negligence, to be soundly beaten by this prodigy of the grave, but the wiser shrewdly concluding that, were a remedy further delayed, the atmosphere, in-

fected and corrupted by the constant whirlings through it of the pestiferous corpse, would engender disease and death to a great extent, the necessity of providing against which was shown by frequent examples in similar cases." They, therefore, resolved that "the horrible carcase" should forthwith be dug up, cut limb from limb, and reduced into "food and fuel for the flames." Ten young men, "renowned for boldness," either volunteered or were hired to perform the disgusting task. As soon as this had been done, says William, "the commotion ceased." He adds that a statement was currently believed in the place, that "while the monster was being borne about (as it was said) by Satan, it told certain persons whom it had by chance encountered, that as long as it remained unburnt the people should have no peace." But a pestilence arose soon afterwards, in consequence, as our historian thinks, of this vampire affair; and it carried off the greater portion of the inhabitants of Berwick. "Never did it so furiously rage elsewhere," says William, "though it was at that time general throughout all the borders of England."

Another vampire case that came under William of Newburgh's notice occurred at Melrose, on the south bank of the Tweed. The chaplain of a certain illustrious lady, whose name he does not give, "casting off mortality, was consigned to the tomb in that noble monastery." He had been a very worldly man, excessively secular in his pursuits, and so addicted to the vanity of the chase as to be designated by the infamous title of "Hundeprest," or the Dog-Priest. His small respect for the sacred order to which he belonged, was signally punished on his passing into the other world. For, issuing from the grave at night-time, and being prevented by the holy inmates from injuring or terrifying anyone within the monastery, he wandered beyond the walls, and hovered chiefly, with loud groans and horrible murmurs, round the bed-chamber of his former mistress. The lady, driven nearly frantic by his repeated nocturnal visits, demanded with tears that prayers more earnest than usual should be poured out to the Lord in her behalf. As she was a liberal donor to the Church, the holy fathers felt it their bounden duty to do all they could to relieve her. And so two stout-hearted friars and two powerful young laymen were deputed to mount guard at night over the cemetery where the miserable priest lay buried. They were well furnished with arms, and animated with courage, "safe in the assistance which each afforded to the other." Midnight passed by, and no monster appeared; whereupon three of the party went away to the nearest house for the purpose of warming themselves, as the night was cold. We must tell the rest of the story in the ingenuous old Austin Friar's own words:—

"As soon as the fourth man was left alone, the devil, imagining that he had found the right moment for breaking his courage, incontinently roused up his own chosen

vassal, who appeared to have reposed longer than usual. Having beheld them from afar, the monk grew stiff with terror, by reason of his being alone ; but, soon recovering his courage, and no place of refuge being at hand, he valiantly withstood the onset of the fiend, who came rushing upon him with a terrible noise ; and he struck the axe which he wielded in his hand deep into the monster's body. On receiving this wound the monster groaned aloud, and, turning his back, fled with a rapidity not at all inferior to that with which he had advanced, while the admirable man (the friar) urged his flying foe from behind, and compelled him to seek his own tomb again ; which, opening of its own accord, and receiving its guest from the advance of the pursuer, immediately appeared to close again with the same facility. In the meantime, they who, impatient of the coldness of the night, had retreated to the fire, ran up, though somewhat too late, and, having heard what had happened, rendered needful assistance in digging up and removing from the midst of the tomb the accursed corpse at the earliest dawn. When they had divested it of the clay cast forth with it, they found the huge wound it had received, and a great quantity of gore which had flowed from it in the sepulchre. And so, having carried it away beyond the walls of the monastery, and burnt it, they scattered the ashes to the winds.

The belief in vampires has been long current in many parts of the world, and still is entertained in several nominally Christian countries, particularly among the nations of Slavonian race, and such as are in immediate contact with them, like the Bulgarians.

## Wull the Slowan at Harbottle.

 ANY are the queer stories that used to be current some fifty or sixty years ago, of the roysterous ongoinges at old-fashioned festivities, where the farmers congregated in friendly groups to pass away agreeably some vacant hours over their ale or their whisky. And several of these stories can still be recovered. The late Mr. Robert White, who was a genuine Borderer, had picked up not a few of them, which he used to relate at his own table with the most pawky humour ; and he fortunately contributed one or two to his friend Richardson's invaluable "Local Historian's Table Book."

One of these relates to a Jeddart man, named William Turnbull, better known by the appellation of "Wull the Slowan," that is, the sleuth-hound, or blood-hound, an animal remarkable for its voracity. He was well-known on both sides of the Cheviot Hills to have as keen a scent as a piper's bitch for all sorts of "playz," where good eating and drinking were to be had. He was a frequent visitor to the English side, Glendale, Coquetdale, and Redesdale, and nothing delighted him more than to make one at a Michaelmas or Christmas supper party, especially one at which, as was then a general custom, the sonsy good woman of the house's year's stock of stubble geese were to be played for by card-playing—either "catch-the-ten," "beggar-my-neighbour," or some other familiar game.

Wull's account of his achievements at one of these

"geese plays" will be best told in his own words, as set down by a friend of Mr. White's, who happened to ask him if he intended to go to Coquetdale again to make merry with his friends. His reply was as follows :—

O aye, ye may swear that—ye may swear that. Jacky Robson, o' Barrow, Raff Bolam, o' Cennel, an' Kit Cowson o' Werten, wad be awfully disappointed if aw didna visit them at least yince-a-year. O man ! what a time we had o't last year at Christmas, and what through-gangins ! We gard the week last for ten days, an' there was a guse-play every nicht, an' lash me, man, sic feastin' ! It was juist roast an' boiled for ever, an' dumplins an' puddens and pasties without number, and then sic lashins' o'drink ! O man, O man ! But the best sport o'a was at Harbottle, at auld Jacky Common's. It was on a Friday's nicht : there were feyfteen geese to play for, and the players sat doon exactly at six o'clock, an' juist as the clock warned for twal, the hinmost gemm was concludit. Jacky Robson had gotten twae geese, Kit Cowson three; neither Raff Bolam nor me had gotten ony. Nae less than eight o' the feyfteen was won by a little croose chantin' chieldie o' the name o' Tam Fenwick. Says auld Jacky Common, the landlord, "Now lads," says he, "as ye're through wiv the geese, an' as it's nit lyet yet, what wad ye think iv a play for a Scots haggis." "The varra thing, Jacky," cried the hail company wiv a shoot; "dy, man, put the haggis on the board!" "Here's for ye, then, my hearties," cried Jacky, and doon he sets a gay an' sizeable gudeley haggis, juist new ta'en oot o' the pot, the clear beads o' fat sweatin' oot on't an stannin' ower like drops o'mornin' dew. A single look o't was eneuch to make a hungry heart rejoice. Weel, the cards war dealt, the play began, an' it wasna lang till the nashgab of a creetur, Tam Fenwick, wins the haggis. "Hurray, lads," cries he, "I'm lucky ! Bring spunes, Jacky, it's a haggis 'ill set the hail company !" "Ser the hail company !" said I, "if it do, the company winna be ill to ser. I've seen a hungry man that wad ha lent it a gude lift hissel." "Weens, Scotsman," cries Tam, "if thou'll eat the haggis theessell, there where thou sits, an' have dune in an hour's time, I'll give thee't, aye, an' a'my winnin' the nicht into the bargain." "Haud out yer hand, freend," said I, "Aw take the company to witness." Sae he held out his hand, an' the thing was choppit off. "Now, cut up the haggis, Jacky," said I, "an' bring me a horn spune—name o' yer pewter dirt,—an' aw call upon the company to see fair play." "Jethert yet," shouted the company, "ye shall have fair play, Scot-man, for the sake o' your noble stomach." "Weel, aw fa's to the haggis like a day's wark—it was a prime gudeane, baith fat an' weel seasoned,—an', my certy, aw made few banes o't. When aw was within half a score o' spunefu's o' bein dune, aw cried out to Jacky Common to fetch a quairt o' yill, that aw micht synd my throat." "Nit a drop," cries the mean creeter, Tam Fenwick, "nit a drop ! it's not i' the bargain." "If it binna i' the bargain," says I, "that's juist the reason ye canna hinder me to hae it,—aw refer to the company." "Jethert yet !" shouted the company again. "Nothing but fair play ! Jacky, bring the quairt,—a gallon if he'll drink it." Sae the quairt was browt, an' nae sinner had aw gotten a waucht o' the yill than, my truly, aw wasna lang in clawing off what remained o' the haggis. "Now, frind," says I, juist as aw swallowed ower the last mouthfu' o' the bag, "ye'll be sae gude as table the echt geese." "Aye, table the geese, Tam," cried the company all at once; "everything's been dune fairly, an' the honest man shall have his bargain." "Here they ir, then," cries Tam, layin' the haill echt delightfu' cræters on the table—"here they ir ; aw fancy aw needna wish ye a stomach to eat them." "Na," says I, "ye may save versall that trouble, freend. I'll excuse ye for that pairt o'. If ye had had the mense to offer me the quairt o' yill when ye saw me in need o't, aw wad aiblins, readie-ly, maybe, haen gien ye a guse back agyen ; but as ye behaved sae shabbily, ye need expec' naething if ye were gaspin' ; ye maunna think to put tricks upon travellers, especially upon a man like me." "Jethert for ever !—Dy, nowt can gang wi' Jethert," shouted the company

aggen ; an' the craetur, Tam, finding what a customer he'd gotten, hadna another word to say, but sneakit off like a tyke wi a shangy on his tail. Sae aw cam away conqueror, wi haill echt geese, an' gude anes they war. Aw wan other five by play, three at Rodbury, ane at Thropton, an' ane at Snitter—by that means aw had nae less than thirteen geese when aw cam hyem to Jethart. O man ! what a shot it was ! Aw canna expec', though, to play sic a yin ilk year.

Many similar stories of Wull the Slowan's gastronomic abilities were at one time, and perhaps still are, to be picked up in the neighbourhoods where he exhibited them. But the above must suffice. Only the phrase "A haggis an' a horn spune" is worth quoting here, in conclusion, as perhaps it may have originated with Wull Turnbull at the Harbottle symposium.

## Honister Crag and Crummock Water.

**H**ONISTER CRAG is considered one of the sights of the English Lake District. Lying, as it does, a considerable distance from a railway station, local enterprise has come to the rescue, and a coach runs every day during the tourist season from Keswick, down Borrowdale, and over the Honister Pass (1,190 feet high), passing Honister Crag, Buttermere, and Crummock Water, and returning by the Vale of Newlands. To descant upon the charms of that remarkable coach-drive would be out of place here; but it may be remarked that for beauty and variety of scenery it is perhaps unequalled throughout England.

Honister Crag rises to a height of about 1,500 feet. Its face is cut into tiers and chambers of slate quarries. The slates, which are of excellent quality, are brought down steep tracks on sledges. On the arrival of the coach at a certain point, a signal is generally given by the driver, and a quarryman puts off with his load of slates, sliding with great rapidity down the almost perpendicular face of the crag.

Buttermere, which is seen gleaming in the distance from Honister Pass, is a charming lake, one mile and a quarter long, 93 feet deep, and 331 feet above the sea level. It is surrounded by lofty mountains; but the most prominent object observed from its margin is Honister Crag, which seems to rise sheer out of the water at the head of the lake. The village of Buttermere consists of a few scattered houses and a

couple of inns—the Fish and the Victoria. The former will be for ever associated with the story of the "Beauty of Buttermere." Mary Robinson, the pretty daughter of the landlord of the Fish, was wooed and won by an adventurer named Hatfield, who had assumed the name of Hope, and pretended to be a brother of the Earl of Hopetoun. The parties were married at Lorton, near Cockermouth, on October 2, 1802. Hatfield, however, was soon afterwards arrested for forgery and other offences. Tried and found guilty, he was executed at Carlisle in the following year. Concerning the adventurer, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. E. Thwaites contributed interesting particulars to the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, pp. 110, 187.

Crummock Water is situated about a mile from the foot of Buttermere. It is three miles long, about three-quarters of a mile broad, 132 feet deep, and 321 feet above the level of the sea. The views from the bosom of the lake are magnificent. A streamlet entering the west side of it about half-a-mile from the head indicates the vicinity of Scale Force, one of the finest falls in the district. The water descends with a clear leap of 156 feet between perpendicular rocks, and the surroundings of shrubs and trees add not a little to the beauty of the scene.



HONISTER CRAG, CUMBERLAND.

Our engravings of Honister Pass and Crummock Water are reproduced from photographs by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, the Art Gallery, Keswick.

### "Johnny Newcome in the Navy."

**J**OHN MITFORD, commonly known as "Drunken Jack Mitford" (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 153), was the author of a nautical rhyming novel, to some extent autobiographical, called "The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy."

The book was published in 1819, and its author terms it in the title page "A Poem in Four Cantos." It is, however, sad doggerel. Facing the title is a gaudily-coloured engraving by Williams, an artist who busied himself at the beginning of the present century with broadsheet illustrations, though some of his figures show him to have been capable of better things, had his talent been carefully cultivated. The illustration in question (and there are many others in the book) is a view of "the cockpit" of the Victory. When we have

carefully noted the central personage, Newcome, who has just arrived on board, and the group of noisy Bacchanals who, glasses in hand, are welcoming him, we pass on to the somewhat precise dedication "To the Captains, Lieutenants, Warrant-Officers, and Non-Commissioned Officers of the British Navy." The book is dated from "Mitford Castle, Northumberland, November 20, 1818," at which very time the unfortunate Jack was probably starving in Bayswater Fields. Over the page we arrive at the preface (which Mitford declares to be as necessary to a book as a rudder to a ship, although that is a matter of opinion), and there is such an honest ring about it that we are inclined to pity the writer for his many weaknesses rather than reproach him with them. In the following passage the reader instinctively knows that the author is talking about himself:—"Johnny Newcome, the hero of the poem, has not any glaring virtues to boast of, nor any great vices of which to be ashamed. It was indifferent to him whether he fought, prayed, or made love: as occasion offered all were welcome. He envied no man's happiness; he never permanently consulted his own; but drank, danced, and sang through the world without care or reflection." In another part of his introduction Mitford says:—"During a servitude of many years in the British



CRUMMOCK WATER, CUMBERLAND.

Navy, when its deeds were most brilliant, and its stories not shorn of a single blemish, the author had facilities of acquiring material (which he stored in his mind) amply sufficient for a work of this nature, the object of which will be best seen in the perusal." The perusal of the book is not altogether profitable, for in some places the ideas are lewd and objectionable, though, perhaps, not more so than some to be found in recognised English classics. In self-extenuation, Mitford says: "I have given my hero the feelings of a man, and not those of Sir Charles Grandison; it is *real life* I wish to depict, and Johnny Newcome is a faithful portrait of *real manners in the navy*." This declaration and various other hints in the book seem to show us that the author wished to be considered a disciple, however humble, of Henry Fielding.

Mitford Hall appears in the narrative under the name of Bertram Castle, whose towers rise—

Dim seen through lanes of lofty trees  
Which scatter coal-dust on the breeze.

Evidently referring to his father (to whom he gives a title), and to the house of his birth, he goes on:—

Within that mansion's antique wall  
A Northern baron kept his hall—  
A hall with many a trophy hung  
Of heroes from whose loins he sprung,  
For he could trace the rolls of fame  
Beyond the conquering William's name ;  
And by the sword, which oft had dyed  
The Holy Land with crimson tide,  
And by the martyr's coat of mail  
Now dangled the grey fox's tail ;  
And where the warrior's horn was slung  
A ribbon green the whistle hung,  
With which the Lord of Bertram Hall  
Forth issued at the grey cock's call,  
And prized the chase of fox as high  
As his forefather's eagle eye  
The steps of infidels had scanned  
O'er Palestine's devoted land.

Then we are told how Johnny Newcome was born, and how, after undergoing a course of tuition at the hands of "Dr. Parr," he went aboard the Victory with "Captain Spring" to "fight for England and his king."

Allusion is made in the couplet above-quoted to the scattering of "coal dust on the breeze." In a note to these lines Mitford makes remarks which can only be attributed to unreasoning aversion for the county of his birth. "The trees and shrubs in the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," says he "are black with coal-dust; it becomes glued to the leaves, and defies the power of the wind to disengage it. 'Tis a vulgar saying in the North that 'Children thrive best in dirt.' The adage is true here as applied to sailors—they pride themselves so highly on their tactics, as to suffer it to supersede every other decent pride. They are all (or nearly) filthy in person, and rude in manners. On board of a man-of-war they are the most troublesome inmates, requiring a 'tight hand' over them." Notwithstanding all this, Mitford writes elsewhere:—"We have given our hero birth in Northumbria, from the fact of its

being our greatest nursery for seamen, and which has produced more Johnny Newcomes than any other county in England." Mitford, perhaps, had private reasons for detesting the locality in which he was born. Indeed, it is known that he was held in no particular esteem by his own friends, who were ashamed of his habits. Hence the disparaging allusions to his family and his native district were no doubt dictated by spite.

## Notes and Commentaries.

### WESTGATE STREET, NEWCASTLE.

The drawing which appeared on page 453 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for October shows Westgate Street as it appeared about half a century ago. To the right is seen a range of fine buildings, many of which are still standing, though somewhat altered in appearance. In the extreme distance may be observed part of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, the old Castle, and the lantern tower of St. Nicholas. Then in the middle distance may be seen the tower of St. John's Church. The long wall to the left commenced at some old red-tiled houses, the site of which is now occupied by the Union Club and the *Chronicle* Office, and extended almost to the Assembly Rooms. At the second lamp from these houses there was a break in the wall. This was the commencement of St. John's Lane, afterwards merged into Grainger Street. A short distance from this lamp there once stood the Vicar's Pump. It is faintly indicated in the drawing. Between the two lamps another opening in the wall is shown; this was the private entrance to the old Vicarage; the trees and shrubs seen above the wall being part of the garden. It is needless to state that the garden, trees, shrubs, and the vicarage itself have all been removed, and the site is now occupied by the Savings Bank, the County Court, and other buildings. It may be of interest to refer to some of the persons who lived in the range of buildings to the right of the picture in times gone by. A century ago the following persons lived in houses below Cross House, but we cannot identify the exact residence:—Alderman Sir Matthew White Ridley, Councillors Richard Bell, Shaftoe Coulter, William Bacon, Thomas Harbottle, and Richard Chambers; also Christopher Fawcett, recorder, and Francis Humble, coroner. At a later period it would appear that the house in the immediate foreground was occupied by Mr. Bolam, land agent. The large house with the hand-rail near the door was the residence of Miss Peters. Part of this house has lately been transformed into Messrs. Walker and Son's ironmongery store. The late William Wharton Burdon occupied the four-storeyed house next to that of Miss Peters. The fourth house was known as St. John's Vicarage. It is now part of the handsome block known as the Burdon Buildings. When Grainger Street was made, some of

the buildings further along the street were taken down. In the houses situate between the present Grainger Street and the Express Inn, Cooper Abbs, solicitor; Jos. Fryer, solicitor; Mr. Kent, solicitor; Mrs. Porteus, tailor and draper; and Mr. Newbiggin carried on business.

ATTICUS, Newcastle.

#### A SUNDERLAND EPITAPH.

While on a visit to the resting-place of Jack Crawford in Sunderland Parish Churchyard, I came across the following curious inscription on a stone at the south side of the burial-ground:—

In Memory of William Thompson, who died March 5, 1830, aged 26 years.

This monument here marks the spot  
Where William Thompson lies,  
Who fell to instantaneous death  
A blooming Sacrifice.  
He in duty, as a Butcher, on  
The "cratch" a Victim laid;  
When duly slain, in heedless haste,  
He sheath'd the sharpen'd blade.  
The sheath contained a hole, through which  
Its erring point did bound,  
Pierc'd deep the Pope's eye of his thigh,  
And gave a fatal wound.  
Down ran the purple tide of gore  
In one continued course;  
Physicians tried their skill in vain  
To stop its rapid force.  
He felt his strength, his sight, his speech,  
Fast ebbing with his breath,  
And on the lap of rosy health  
Sank in the sleep of death.

A butcher's knife, steel, and sheath, are sculptured on the top of the gravestone. T. K., Newcastle.

#### THE NEWCASTLE PILLORY IN 1758.

It would appear from the paragraph I quote below, extracted from a newspaper now 130 years old, that a pillory existed in Newcastle at that date:—"Newcastle, Jan. 21 (1758)—Wednesday (18th), the Quarter Sessions was held at the Guildhall, when Susannah Fleming was indicted for undertaking to tell fortunes, convicted, and ordered to be imprisoned for one year, and to stand in the pillory once in every quarter of the said year openly, upon the market day, for one hour."

J. S. Y., Hull.

## North-Country Wit & Humour.

#### A SAMPLE OF TYNESIDE DIALECT.

A Tyneside keelman, going up to a number of his "mates" who were conversing together on the Quayside, and asking whether any of them had any tobacco in their pockets, said, "Hes onny on ye onny on ye?"

#### DAYS OF THE WEEK.

A young man in the service of the North-Eastern Railway went into a cabin one day, and, looking about, he saw a hand-bill announcing an excursion to Brancepeth Park. Turning to his mates, he exclaimed, "Monday, July 19. Blow, that's a week come Friday!"

#### THE ELEPHANT AND THE KEEKER.

Many years ago, when the keeper system was in operation at the Northumberland collieries, an incident occurred at Netherton which showed how unpopular a personage the keeper was. It was that officer's duty to lay out the tubs of coal that were supposed to be either short of weight or to contain too much stone; but in the present case he had other duties assigned to him occasionally. It happened that the house formerly occupied by the keeper stood on the high road between Blyth and Morpeth. One morning, when the then occupier, one Andrew Short, was getting up for the purpose of entering the pit with the foreshift, he heard an unusual noise at the door. At that time there was a travelling menagerie, belonging to one Van Blunt, or Van Brunt, which used, after exhibiting at Blyth or Morpeth one day, to march off for the neighbouring town during the night. On the occasion to which we allude, an elephant which formed part of the cavalcade had got hold of a pig's kit in front of the keeper's old house. And this kit he was knocking against the door, causing the unusual noise to which we have referred. "Wha's there? Whaat's it aall about?" shouted Andrew, who was dressing himself. "Whaar are ye disturbing aall the foaks in that manner for?" Receiving no response to these questions, Andrew opened the door. The enormous animal so frightened him that he mistook it for a visitor from the lower world. "Aa beg yor pardon, sor," said he. "The keeper dissent live here noo. He's gyen tiv another hoose." When, shortly after this occurrence, the men had assembled at bank, it was asked by some of them what had become of the keeper, he being at the moment absent on other duties. "Oo," cried Andrew, "aa knaa whor he is nicely. And Nick was seekin' him at wor hoose this mornin'!"

#### MACCABONI.

A pitman was telling his "marra" about his visit to the Italian Exhibition in London. "Wey, man," he said, "aa went inte a plyece whor aa could get nowt to eat but boiled pipe-stopples, se aa cam oot!"

#### RAILWAY TRAINS.

Scene: A station not a hundred miles from Backworth. Train just arrived from Newcastle, depositing on the platform a swell commercial traveller from London. Commercial Traveller: "Haw! haw! stationmaster, how do the trains run to Tynemouth?" Stationmaster: "Engine forst, sor!"

#### A GOOD GUESSER.

Some time ago a pitman started work at Annfield Plain. As he was rather hard up for shirts, hoggers, etc., his landlord introduced him to a tradesman in the village, who supplied him with all needful articles until pay Saturday. But when pay after pay went by without a settlement being effected, the tradesman decided to waylay his ungrateful debtor on the next pay Saturday. At the expected time the delinquent was seen striding past the shop, keeping carefully in the middle of the road,

when his creditor, shouted to him :—"Aa say, Geordy thoo's not gan te caall an' pay me for them bits o' things." But this reminder produced no other effect than to increase Geordy's speed, and cause him to shout back banteringly :—"By gum, lad! whaat a bonny good guessor thoo is!"

## North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. William Anderson, who for more than a quarter of a century was chief engineer to the Marquis of Londonderry's collieries at Rainton, died on the 17th of September.

On the 29th of September, the death was announced, as having occurred at Woodside, Cumberland, of Mr. W. S. Losh, youngest son of the late Mr. James Losh, Recorder of Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who was born at Jesmond in 1809, studied chemistry at Paris, and was for some time associated with the chemical and other undertakings of the family.

On the 30th of September, Mr. Richard Bell, who for a considerable number of years carried on business as a corn and flour merchant, in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, died suddenly at his residence, Threaplands House, Elmfield Road, Gosforth.

On the 1st of October, Mr. William McKenzie, of the Black Bull Inn, High Bridge, died at his residence in Osborne Road, Newcastle. The deceased, whose father had taken part as a soldier in the battle of Waterloo, was a native of Blyth, and was in the 55th year of his age.

On the same day, the death occurred, at his residence, North Road, Durham, of Mr. Thomas Thwaites, who for many years carried on an extensive engineering business in that city. He was 77 years of age.

The remains of Mr. William Kennedy, tyler of the Freemasons' Hall in Maple Street, Newcastle, were interred on the 5th of October, his death having taken place two or three days previously.

Mr. David W. Chalmers, who only about a month previously had left the Newcastle Public Library to assume the charge of a newly opened library in the South of London, died from the effects of suffocation by gas in his bath, on the 7th of October. The deceased, who was but 21 years of age, was a native of Felling, and had given promise of a bright and successful career. Mr. Chalmers possessed considerable literary tastes, and was a frequent contributor to the "Notes and Queries" columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

On the 8th of October, Mr. R. S. Douglas, landed proprietor, of Acton Hall, near Felton, was accidentally killed by a fall from his horse, a short distance from Newton-on-the-Moor. He was 49 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of 64, died Dr. Robert Davis, of Wrekenton House, Gateshead. The deceased gentleman was district surgeon to the Gateshead Dispensary, and medical officer for the south district of the Gateshead Union.

The death was announced, on the 10th of October, of Mr. C. Richards, who was long associated with the chemical trade of the Tyne, and who represented the Wallsend Chemical Company.

On the 11th of October, Mr. John Fowler, who had been chief engineer to the Tees Conservancy Commiss-

sioners almost from the establishment of that body in 1852, and who had designed and carried out works connected with that river to the extent of at least a million sterling, died at Preston-on-Tees, aged 65.

On the same day Lady James Murray, widow of Lord James Murray, of Otterburn Hall, Northumberland, died at her residence in Clarence Crescent, Windsor, aged 63 years.

There also died on the 11th of October, at Clemorthorpe, Preston, near North Shields, Mr. John Richardson Procter, one of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, and a member of an old and respected family connected with the Society of Friends. The deceased, who was in his 76th year, had been identified over a long and useful life with almost every movement, whether political, social, or religious, in the borough of Tyne-mouth.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dunford, wife of Mr. Errington Dunford, ironmonger, Mosley Street, Newcastle, and treasurer of the Newcastle and Gateshead Women's Liberal Association, died, after a comparatively short illness, on the 12th of October, at the age of 37 years.

At the age of 81 years, Mr. J. B. Chapman, of Percy House, Durham, and one of the borough magistrates, died in that city on the 13th of October.

Mr. Charles Dawson, painter, of Claypath, Durham, and one of the oldest tradesmen in that city, died on the 14th of October, aged about 64 years.

On the same day, Mr. William Coates, insurance agent, and for a long period a leading member of the Park Road Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, died at Ryton, in the 60th year of his age.

## Record of Events.

### North-Country Occurrences.

#### SEPTEMBER.

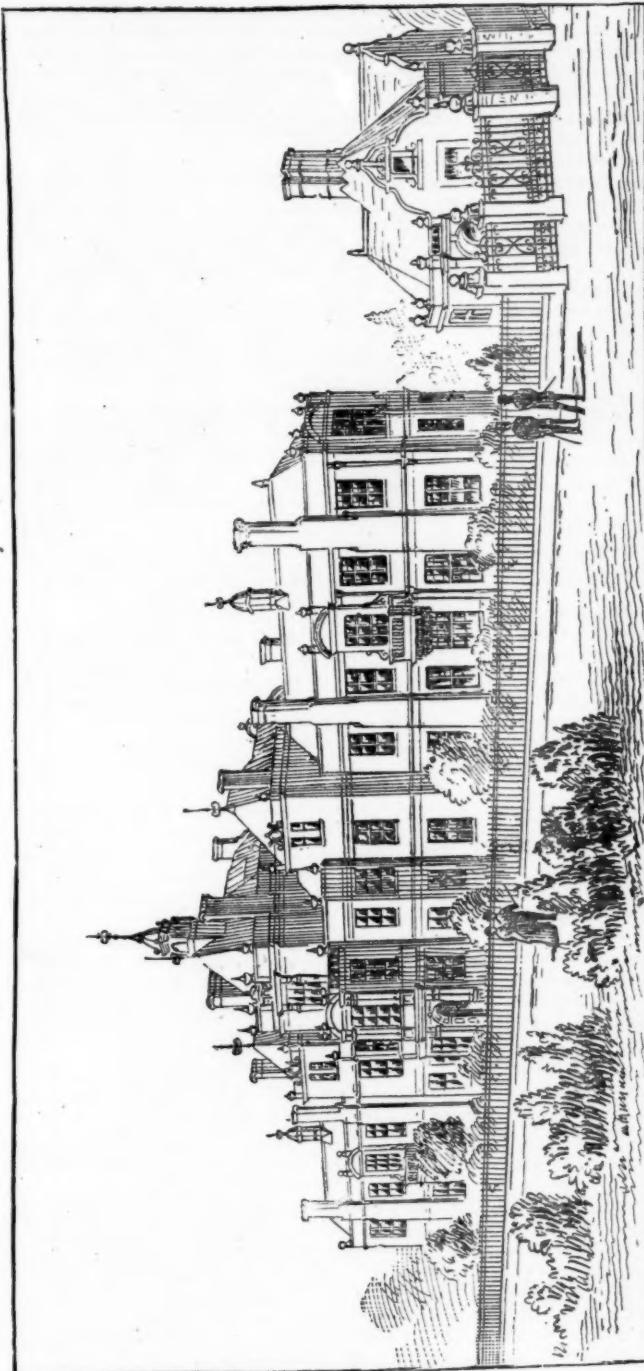
15.—A man named Patrick Fox, of Castle Eden Colliery, while wrestling in his own house with his brother-in-law, Lawrence M'Hugh, fell and received such injuries that he died shortly afterwards. No blame was attached to M'Hugh, who acted in self-defence.

16.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, the new Bishop-Auxiliary of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, was presented with an illuminated address by the clergy and people of the parish of St. Andrew's, Newcastle.

17.—In connection with the suspicious death of Captain Harrod, at Sunderland (page 480), Margaret Johnson and Mary Ann Augusta were sent to gaol for three months for robbery, a man named Michael Mullaney, who had also been arrested, being discharged.

—A workman named James Paterson, 27 years of age, was literally cremated by being accidentally precipitated into a flue at the Auckland Park Coke Ovens; his body, when extricated, being nothing but a charred skeleton, minus the feet.

18.—Mr. C. M. Chapman, barrister, held an inquiry at Durham, into the market rights of the city. On the following day he paid a similar visit to Sunderland. On the 27th he visited Darlington.



FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

18.—At a meeting held at the Newcastle Infirmary, a committee was formed to obtain subscriptions for a memorial, in the form of a medical scholarship, to the late Dr. Luke Armstrong.

—The thirteenth annual conference of the North of England Temperance League was held at Bishop Auckland, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. J. Woods.

19.—The steamer Golconda, built by Messrs. Doxford, Pallion, and the largest vessel ever produced in the district, left the South Dock, Sunderland, for the Tyne.

21.—The Hon. W. H. James, M.P., addressed his constituents at Gateshead, and received a vote of confidence.

—As the result of some correspondence which had appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, it was resolved to form a society of draughtsmen, representing the shipbuilding, marine engineering, and general engineering trades of the Tyne, Wear, and district.

—At the annual meeting of the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund, it was officially reported that the collections for 1887 amounted to £3,744 17s. 8d., as compared with £4,044 11s. 1d. in 1886, being a falling-off of £299 13s. 5d. The financial statement showed a balance of £545 12s. 2d. in the treasurer's hands.

—A shark, measuring twelve feet in length and weighing upwards of a ton, which had been captured a few miles off the Tyne, was landed at the Corporation Quay, North Shields.

—The steamship Haswill, of Sunderland, was sunk by collision with the steamer Vindomora, of London, off Whitby, all hands being saved.

—A little boy and girl, aged four and two years respectively, the children of a miner named Blackmore, at Ashington, in the county of Northumberland, were burnt to death by the accidental upsetting of a lighted paraffin lamp.

22.—During a dense fog, the steamer Busy Bee, belonging to the Tyne Steam Shipping Company, ran into the

landing-stage at Felling, breaking the mooring chain, and carrying away all the rails with her stern, but she was afterwards able to proceed on her voyage.

—Jane Beetmoor, or Savage, a young woman, 27 years of age, was brutally murdered at Birtley Fell, near Gateshead. On the following morning, a miner named John Fish, going to work, found the body, in a horribly mutilated condition, at the bottom of a railway embankment, at a point three-quarters of a mile, or thereabouts, distant from Whitehouse, near Northside, where the deceased lived with her parents, Joseph Savage being the name of her step-father. Shortly after the discovery, the police issued an official description of one William Waddle, a labourer, 22 years of age, whom they suspected as being guilty of the murder, who was known to have been keeping company with the woman, and who had been missing since the night of the outrage. The frightful nature of the wounds was supposed to bear such a resemblance to those inflicted in a series of mysterious murders recently perpetrated in Whitechapel, London, that Dr. Phillips and Inspector Roots, of Scotland Yard, who had been officially engaged in their investigation, made a journey to Birtley Fell to view the body of Beetmoor. Waddle was captured at Yetholm, the well-known rendezvous of the gypsies, on the 1st of October.

25.—At the North-Eastern Steelworks, Middlesbrough, a young man named James Mullen, 17 years of age, fell into a mass of red-hot slag, and was literally roasted to death.

26.—The handsome new Hospital for Sick Children, erected on the Moor Edge, Newcastle, by Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, at a cost of £23,000, in memory of his wife, who died in March, 1882, was formally opened by Lord Armstrong. The building, which was personally handed over by Mr. Fleming to the trustees, provided accommodation for upwards of sixty patients, the old and inadequate hospital in Hanover Square having contained only twenty-four beds. (See page 525.)

—A cricket match of a novel character was played on the Constabulary Ground at Jesmond, Newcastle. The teams were one of ladies who played with bats in the usual way, and one of gentlemen who used their left hands only, and batted with broomsticks. The ladies played remarkably well, and were only defeated in the first innings by a few runs.

27.—Another meeting of the Tyne Defence Committee was held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Duke of Northumberland.

28.—Presiding at the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle, Lord Armstrong pointed out the value of swift cruisers and quick-firing guns for the purposes either of attack or defence. The directors' report, recommending the declaration of a dividend of 11 per cent., was adopted.

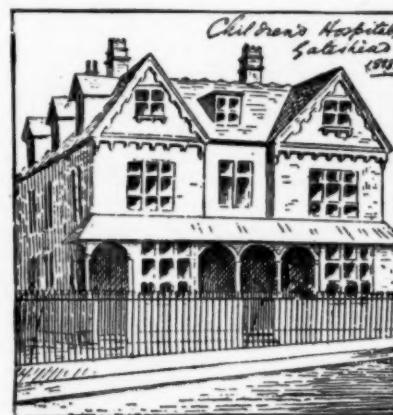
—The Hospital for Infectious Diseases, situated at Walker, and erected by the Corporation of Newcastle, at a cost of nearly £20,000, was opened by the Mayor, Mr. W. D. Stephens.

29.—A Primrose League gathering was held under the auspices of the Hartburn Habitation, at Meldon Park, near Morpeth, the principal speaker being Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P.

—The corner-stone of the Hartlepools Hospital Extension was laid by the Rev. John Burdon, of Castle Eden, president of the institution.

## OCTOBER.

1.—The administrative or central block of the Children's Hospital, situate in Durham Road, Gateshead, was formally opened. When completed there will be five blocks of buildings. The edifice is of red brick with stone dressings, and adorned with half-timbered gables, and veranda in front. The administrative block (shown in our sketch) can be utilised for the accommodation of



20 children, and when the other portions are completed there will be room for about 120 extra children. On the completion of the whole of the hospital, the administrative block will be occupied by the medical officer and other officials. The site chosen commands one of the finest views in the district. The institution, so far as completed, was opened for the admission of patients on the 16th.

—A ten days' mission was commenced in connection with the Presbyterian churches of Newcastle, Gateshead, Gosforth, and Heaton. The proceedings were brought to a close by a thanksgiving service in Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, on the evening of the 10th.

2.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by a coroner's jury in Newcastle against the parents of a girl named Minnie Dove, 14 years of age, who had died from the effects of blood-poisoning and alleged neglect. The magistrates also committed the man and woman for trial, but admitted them to bail.

3.—Mr. F. C. Marshall presided at the annual meeting of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Newcastle.

—The coalowners of Northumberland declined to concede an advance of wages to the banksmen and onsetters employed about the pits.

4.—The remains of Thomas Wigfield, who carried on business as a commission agent in Cloth Market Buildings, Newcastle, and who was an active member of the Wesleyan body, were found, in a frightfully mutilated condition, on the line of the North-Eastern Railway between Heaton and Benton. A coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased had committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

—The provincial meeting of the British and Foreign

Unitarian Association was held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle.

6.—Mr. T. Everett, librarian of the Edward Pease Public Library at Darlington, wrote to the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that the Rev. Scott Surtees, of Dinsdale, had presented to that institution the original portrait of Emerson, the mathematician, which is copied on page 32 of the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*.

—It was announced in the *Weekly Chronicle* that, as the first practical result of the operations of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society, specimens of rhododendrons and other shrubs, the gift of Messrs. Joseph Robson, of Hexham, had been arranged within the railings of the Stephenson Monument in Westgate Road.

—Mr. David Dale was presented with a handsome illuminated address in recognition of his valuable services in connection with the Board of Arbitration for the North of England manufactured iron trade.

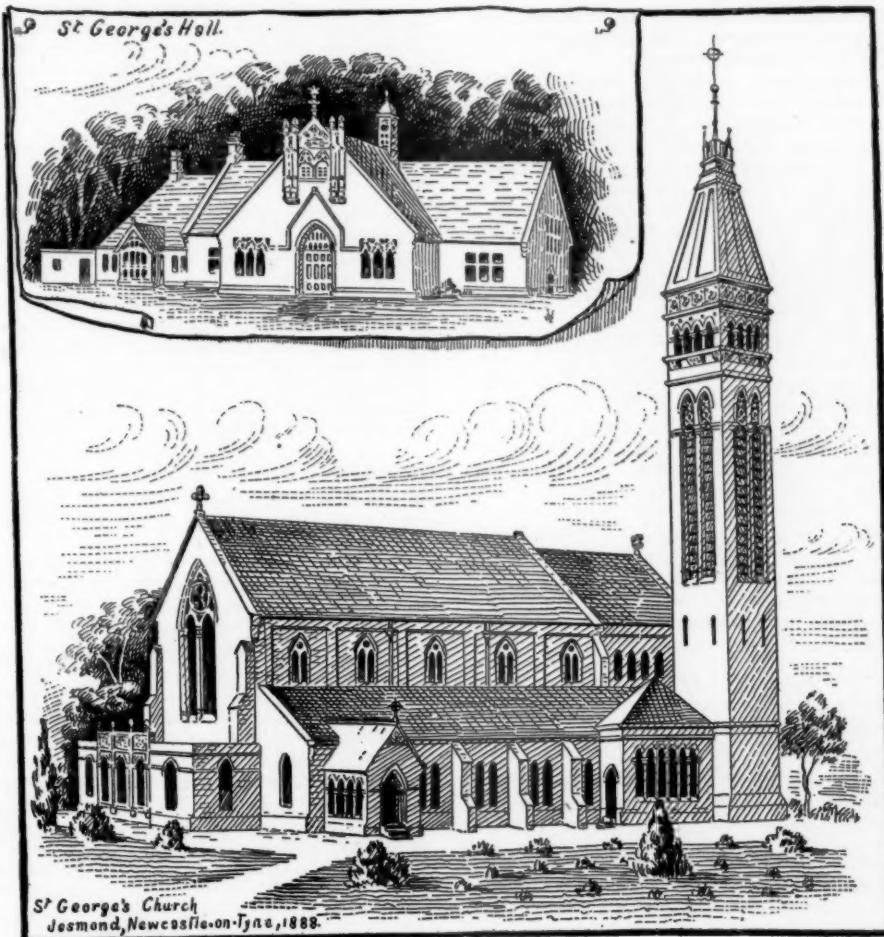
—A determined attempt was alleged to have been made by a man named Benjamin Dunnell to murder Margaret Cooper, a woman with whom he had formerly lived, in Back Marlborough Street, Newcastle.

—In the quarterly certificate, the price given in the Cleveland iron trade for the three months ending September 30, was 32s. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., as compared with 32s. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

8.—Lady Ravensworth laid the foundation-stone of a fifth block of buildings in connection with the Northumberland Village Homes at Whitley.

—Among the gentlemen admitted as Freemen of Newcastle was the Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop-Auxiliary of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, who claimed in succession to his father, formerly Recorder of Newcastle.

—Mr. H. N. Sullivan, managing director of the Phoenix Company, Limited, wrote, confirming a report of the return of the steamer Labrador without the object of her voyage being accomplished. (See page 429.) Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, the commander of the



expedition, found ice in the Jugor Straits; and as it was the 27th of September, and winter gales were setting in, he deemed it imprudent to proceed to the mouth of the Yenesei. The theory, however, of the Kara Sea being navigable, even in the worst season, had been a sixth time demonstrated by him.

9.—It was announced that it had been decided at the War Office that the officer in charge of the Royal Artillery along the Northumbrian Coast should be furnished with maps of the coast and country around the principal fortifications, on a scale of at least one inch to the mile, the map to be retained in his possession and regarded as strictly confidential.

10.—Professor Philipson delivered his introductory lecture on the principles and practice of medicine in the large lecture theatre at the new College of Medicine in Bath Road, Newcastle.

—A gentleman named John Firth, about 50 years of age, committed suicide by taking laudanum at Sunderland, owing to the death of his landlady, and the consequent removal of her little grand-daughter, to whom he was much attached.

12.—The opening meeting of the session of the Tyneside Geographical Society was held in the society's new rooms, Collingwood Street, Newcastle.

14.—A fire broke out at the Wholesale Co-operative Stores, Waterloo Street, Newcastle, but, owing to the prompt and satisfactory action of an automatic alarm, the fire engine was quickly upon the spot, and the conflagration was suppressed before much damage was done.

15.—A conference and public meeting, in connection with the fourteenth anniversary of the Newcastle Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, were held in Newcastle, the Bishop of the diocese presiding on both occasions. At the conference, Dr. William Murray read a paper on "The Use and Abuse of Alcohol."

16.—The handsome new church in Osborne Road, West Jesmond, Newcastle, dedicated to St. George, and built at the sole expense of Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, and of the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., was consecrated and opened by the Bishop of Newcastle. Sitting accommodation is provided for between 800 and 850 persons; and the Rev. S. E. Pennefather, formerly of the Clayton Memorial Church in Jesmond Road, was appointed vicar of the new parish. The architect was Mr. T. R. Spence, for some time a resident in Newcastle, and Mr. John Dodds was clerk of the works. Most of the work in the stained glass windows was designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Brown, also formerly of Newcastle. (See preceding page.)

### General Occurrences.

#### SEPTEMBER.

17.—Sir James Hannan, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, the Judicial Commissioners appointed under the Members of Parliament (Charges and Allegations) Act, held their first preliminary sitting to hear applications and motions. After various matters had been arranged, the court adjourned until October 22nd.

18.—Mr. John Dillon, M.P., was released from Duncraig Gaol.

22.—News was received of the death of Mr. J. S. Jameson, at the Bangala Station, on the Congo, Africa. He was second in command of Major Barttelot's expedition sent for the relief of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

23.—Marshal Bazaine died at Madrid of heart disease, aged 77.

—About this time portions of the private diary kept by the late Emperor Frederick of Germany were published, causing much sensation in political and court circles.

25.—An engagement took place between English troops and Thibetans in the Jelapla Pass, Sikhim, India. The latter were defeated, 400 men being killed and wounded. On the British side only 10 men were wounded.

30.—Two horrible murders were committed in London, both the victims being women. One woman was found in Berner Street with her throat cut; the other was found in Mitre Square, in the same condition, and also horribly mutilated. The circumstances indicated that the perpetrator was the same monster who had committed four other murders in London. A letter from a person styling himself "Jack the Ripper" was published in the newspapers. The writer stated that he was responsible for the crimes, and intended to continue his operations. The affair caused a great sensation throughout the United Kingdom, as no clue could be obtained to the murderer.

#### OCTOBER.

3.—The dismembered trunk of a woman was found in Westminster. It was supposed that the victim had been murdered, but there was not the slightest clue to the crime.

6.—News was received that, at the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa, a young man named Wensley, who had been assisting to hold down a balloon, failed to let go as it ascended, and was carried up a height of about 1,000 feet. His hold then relaxing, he fell to the ground and was dashed to pieces, almost every bone in his body being broken.

11.—A fearful accident occurred on the Lehigh Valley Railway, near Pennhaven, Pennsylvania, U.S. An excursion train was proceeding in two sections, when the latter section ran into the first. Sixty persons were killed and about forty injured.

12.—Mr. J. M. Levy, one of the principal proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, died, after a long illness, at his residence, Ramsgate, in his 77th year.

14.—A statue of Shakespeare, erected in the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, and presented to that city by Mr. William Knighton, was unveiled.

—A disastrous fire broke out in a block of seven-storey buildings, the property of Messrs. Wylie, Hall, and Co., of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, doing damage to the amount of £100,000.

15.—Sir Morell Mackenzie published a book, describing the illness of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, and defending himself against certain allegations made by the German doctors. No fewer than 130,000 copies of the work were seized and confiscated by the German police.